L. P. Fisher

L. P. FISHER'S ADVERTISING AGENCY
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San Francisco, Cal.

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BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
Office at Proctor's Drug Store. Residence, Railroad Street, opposite Christian Church,
WOODLAND, CAL.

DR. GEO. H. JACKSON,
SURGEON AND PHYSICIAN,
Woodland, Cal.
Office and residence over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store.

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All work warranted of best material and finest style of the art. Set of teeth on fine gold plate, $40, that used to cost in San Francisco $100. jy19

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First-Class work and Moderate Charges. Office over Bank,
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Office hours from 8 A. M. to 5 P. M. One door west of Express Office, over Whittemore & Higginson's Drug Store,
WOODLAND, CAL.

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Licensed Auctioneer for Yolo County.
Will attend to the collection af accounts.
WINTERS, CAL.

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WHEN YOU GO TO WOODLAND get your meals at the French Restaurant, where you will find the best table in Yolo county. OYSTERS served in every style.
TWO DOORS WEST OF EXPRESS OFFICE,
B. DENNERY, Prop.

MILLINERY.
MRS. FITZGERALD.
FASHIONABLE MILLINRY STORE.
COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.
Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods

BANK OF WOODLAND,
Capital Stock, $500,000.
J. D. STEPHENS.....President.
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Money Loaned on Rdal Estate, Personal or Collateral Security.
EXCHANGES DRAWN ON EASTERN OR EUROPEAN CITIES.
Collections Receive Prompt Attention.
County Warrants, Greenbacks, and all Negotiable Securities, bought and sold.

I. A. BUTZ,
Merchant Tailor.
Opposite Craft Hotel,
WOODLAND.
GOOD FITS GUARANTEED.
Charges moderate—All work warranted.

T. M. PRIOR,
SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER
Importer from the East.
Everything in my line will be kept on hand or made to order in first-class style.
Two doors west of Express Office,
Main Street, Woodland.
mar15

GEO. W. GREENE,
—Dealer in—
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SILVERWARE,
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
Musical Instruments and Fancy Goods.
College Block, Main St., Woodland.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC LEOD
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Main Street, Winters.
BLACKSMITHING
—AND—
WAGON WORK.
Horseshoeing a Specialty.

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PROVISIONS,
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,
CROCKERY, TOBACCO, Etc., Etc.
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sep27-tf.

W. E. FIFIELD,
PRACTISING PHYSICIAN,
OFFICE AT MADISON DRUG STORE. PROfessional calls attended with promptness, Day and Night.

SIMMONDS' NABOB WHISKEY
THE PUREST AND BEST FOR ALL MEDICA AND FAMILY PURPOSES.
Has been sold in all the Eastern States and given universal satisfaction.
It is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of Nervousness, Weakness, Debility Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Etc.
It is now introduced to the public of the Pacific Slope, endorsed by the follswing certificates of the eminent Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Louderback, of St. Louis, Mo., both gentlemen prominent in their profession, and which is a guarantee to all buyers of its purity and quality.
I can show thousands of letters from private persons and from all parts of the Union and Canada, to testify to its merits and the benefit it has afforded as a family remedy and tonic.
☞ Sold by all Druggist and Grocers by the case or bottle. Country orders promptly attended to
BY THE GALLON OR BARREL.
CAUTION.—None Genuine unless labeled with my Signature over the Cork.
G. SIMMONDS, Sold Proprietor.

Laboratory and Office, No. 4 State St.,
Boston, September 9, 1873.
GEORGE SIMMONDS, Esq.—Sir: The sample marked "Nabob Whisky," received from you, has been analyzed with the following results: It is of selected alcoholic strength and FREE FROM ADDED FLAVORING oils, acids, metals, or other deleterious substances.
The whisky is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medical purposes.
Respectfully, S. DANA HAYES,
State Assayer for Massachusetts.
ST. LOUIS, MO., Sept. 30, 1879.
G. SIMMONDS, Esq.—I have been using your Nabob Whisky for some time, and have no hesitation in saying that it is, without exception, the purest article I have used either medicinally or for family purposes. To many of my patients who have been suffering with indigestion and nervous affections, I have prescribed your Nabob Whisky for their use, and I take pleasure in saying to you the effect has been most satisfactory. Please send me by express six cases, also a sample case of your XXV. O. P. Brandy, C. O. D. and oblige yours, very truly, H. C. LOUDETBACK, M. D.

So long as there are ills to which flesh is heir, and the cares and labors of life to breed disease, so long will it be necessary to use medicine to counteract the evils produced and maintain the health of the human family. Many kinds of medicine are frequently offered to the public for one special disease and another, and if the truth were known it would doubtless be found that in the majority of cases these nostrums have done far more harm than good. Indeed one of the greatest evils of the present day is the existence of quack compounds which contain ingredients inimical to health, and the greatest care, therefore, should be taken by invalids, in using many unknown drugs which cannot be taken with impunity, no matter what may be alleged to the contrary.
Now, experience has shown that Nabob Whisky is one of the best medicinal preparations known, and is highly recommended by the Faculty for all cases of nervousness, weakness, debility, dyspepsia, indigestion, etc. Its popularity throughout the Eastern States has been great, and it comes to the Pacific Coast endorsed by the certificates of Dr. S. Dana Hayes, State Assayer of Massachusetts, and Dr. H. C. Lounderback of St. Louis, Missouri. These certificates are most direct in their statements, avering that Nabob Whisky is, without exception, the purest article that can be used either medicinally or for family purposes. It is particularly efficacious in cases of indigestion and nervous affections, and can be used with the utmost confidence. The analysis shows that this whisky is of standard alcoholic strength, and free from flavoring oils, acids, metals or other deleterous substances. Dr. Hayes further says that it is pure, of superior quality, and suitable for dietetic and medicinal purposes. Such recommendations are the strongest that can be furnished, and as there are thousands of letters testifying to the merits of the whisky as a family remedy and tonic, no further proof of its excellence need be given.

WHITTEMORE & HIGGINSON,
Sold Agents for Yolo County,
Main Street, - - - - Woodland.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.
THE FINAL CALL!
LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.
KING
GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.
NOTICE.
Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.
FOR A SHORT TIME:
Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,.....3.50 per doz.
BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.
I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll cenipromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.
Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.
J. W. KING, Photo.
P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of resitences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

THOMAS & HUNT,
Buyers of and Dealers in
Grain and Wool.
OFFICE IN EXCELSIOR BLOCK,
Main Street,.....Woodland

To Much Speculation.

The San Francisco correspondent of the Baltimore *Sun*, in a recent letter, makes the following sound observations:

Millions for speculation, but not a dime for industry is what is the matter with San Francisco. The leading commercial paper intimates that it is not the industry of the Chinese, but the laziness of the whites and the industrial abhorrence of capital that causes the general prostration, and that is sure to retard our recuperation indefinitely. What California requires is a large accession of a more industrious race. We want men inclined to invest in manufactures; want farmers, not mere wheat-growers and soil-robbers. But with these must come capital. There is immense over-stock of capital here for gambling in stocks, cornering in merchandise, lot speculating, and for all purposes involving no industry. But for manufacturing not a dime. Our wool and hides we send 19,000 miles, via Cape Horn, to be made into cloth and shoes, and brought back to us. These, if we had New England industry and capital, we should be making at home. We send away furs and felting to be made into hats and wraps. Our agricultural machinery we import. Even soap and candles also. Though we have the best wine vinegar and vegetables, we import pickles. Hogs run wild, yet we buy hams, flitches and lard abroad. Nearly all our coal is from Pennsylvania, yet we have twice as large a range of coal oil of our own. We buy vast quantities of hydraulic cement, yet not excepting Portland, England, there are nowhere more nor finer materials for making it than at our Santa Cruz.

We buy all our iron and stock—an enormous amount—while iron ore, fuel and lime are right at hand. Foreign beer ale cost us extravagantly, while our hops and barley are far superior to all foreign growth. Even butter and cheese we import largely, to our shame. Cranberries, chiccory, hops and oatmeal, crackers, olives, raisins, fruit-preserves, prunes, nuts, tobacco and cotton we buy, while we have every facility for raising them here, always excepting in dustry. Every bushel of grain we use and ship is packed in East India sacks, which we can cheaply make from our own wild textiles.

We even import foreign wines largely adulterated, while our country is covered with vineyards and our wines are pure, wholesome and well flavored. We could extend the list, but enough is given to show what a field there is here for profitable industry in the most genial climate in the world, and in a land literally flowing with milk and honey, and teeming with every variety of food to gladden the heart and tickle the bowels of the faithful. After this expose let no man say, "There is no chance for industry; everything is overdone." On the contrary, no where on this broad earth has any nation such inducements to offer to willing hands and hearts.

A gentleman is here offering inducements that elsewhere would tempt enterprise and capital, but here not, because there is no gamble in it. He has on navigable water, at Port Townsend, Washington Territory, a deep and extensive bed of rich bog iron ore, with a forest for charcoal mine in sight. Lime and magnetic iron abound on the same waters. Knowing about the cost of iron smelting, we are sure that $15 will make a ton of charcoal pig iron worth $35 in San Francisco. Here is an opportunity to invest most profitably in constructing a dozen furnaces and steel works, with an eager market for their production, and no risk of failure. We give this as a sample. There are here mines of copper, antimony, maganese and chrome that can be had for a song. Farmers can raise cotton, but we have no factories to buy the cocoons. Tea gardens would cover our hill lands, but there is no industry to manipulate and prepare the leaves. We have 20,000 idle hands waiting for something to turn up, grinning at all these waiting industries, and wondering why other people do not go to work.

No prediction is safer than this, viz.: Till miraculous change coaxes or compels us to industry, or till a new and better-fitting race takes our places, there is a poor show for California. Even our gold mines languish. They are falling away; capital deserts them because the gold requires industry and economy to seperate it from the matrix. Let no man come here with capital who is not proof against stock-gambling. Gamble is in the air, and the only safe calculation is you will lose your money, for sharpers are in the deal: "Heads I win, tails you lose."

What Stanley is Doing.

All alike will be interested in the following extract from a letter which has just been received from Mr. Stanley, the famous African explorer, by an intimate friend. The letter is dated from Banana Point, at the mouth of the Congo River, September 13th, and says: "All this year I have been very busy, and have worked hard. I have equipped one expedition on the East Coast; have reconstructed another—namely, the International—of whose misfortunes we have heard so often, and have explored personally several new districts on the East Coast. Having finished my work satisfactorily to myself, my friends, and those who sent me, I came through the Mediterranean and round to this spot, where I arrived two years and four months ago, on that glorious day on which we sighted old ocean after our rash descent of the Livingstone. * * * And now I begin another mission seriously and deliberately, with a grand object in view. I am charged to open—and keep open, if possible—all such districts and countries as I may explore for the commercial world. The mission is supported by a philanthropic society which numbers noble-minded men of several nations. It is not a religious society, but my instructions are entirely of that spirit. No violence must be used, and whenever rejected the mission must withdraw to seek another field. We have abundant means, and, therefore, we are to purchase the very atmosphere, if any demands be made upon us, rather than violently oppose them. In fact, we must freely buy of all and every, rather than resent, and you know the sailor's commandment—'Obey orders if it breaks owners'—is easier to keep than to stand upon one's rights. This is a principle which I have always attempted to follow, but frequently the demands were so extortionate that they exceeded the value of my property. However, this time a chief must have a large mouth indeed that cannot be filled with good things. A year's trial will demonstrate whether progress can be made and tolerance be granted under this new system. In some regions experience tells me the plan may work wonders. God grant it success everywhere. I have fifteen Europeans and about two hundred natives with me. It is too early yet to say much of them; but most of the natives seem not worth their rations. However, patience! We shall see what time will make of us all, and how it will mold us all anew for the good work." Who is there in Great Britain that will not wish well to this new enterprise, which thus peacefully seeks to reap for commerce and civilization the fruit of the splendid discoveries effected in Central Africa by this illustrious traveller.

Three romantic Kentucky girls recently hit upon a better device for securing husbands than by advertising. They lived on the banks of the Ohio river, and agreed to set a bottle afloat containing a paper on which was written their names and a promise to marry whomsoever should find the bottles. One of the girls has married recently the man who found her bottle far down the river; the second is engaged to him who found hers at Natchez or Grand Gulf, and the third is in correspondence with the finder of hers, who lives at a great distance from the point where the bottles were first launched.

In giving his experience the other night, an old forty-niner frankly admitted that his life had been a failure. Said he: "When I left Indeanny to come to Californy my whole ambition was to dig out enough gold so that I could go back home and buy a tumblin-shaft thrashin' machine and go about the country every fall doin' custom work and livin' on roast chickens. Now, here I am, and nary thrashin' machine yet, and, even ef I had the machine, my appertite for chickens is gone I tell you, boys, my life's bin a failur'."

The Pigeon's Home Instinct.

One of the most striking powers possessed by animals is that of finding their way home from a great distance, and over a road with which they are supposed to be unacquainted. It has long been a question whether we are to attribute these remarkable performances to a really intuitive perception of the animal of the direction and the practicable route to his home, or whether they are the result of a conscious study of the situation, and a definite carrying out of well judged plans.

Probably the most prominent example of this wonderful power is the case of homing pigeons. These pigeons are very strong of wing, and their intelligence is cultivated to a very high degree; for their peculiar "gift" has been made use of since "time whereof the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." The principle of hereditary, therefore, acts with much force; nevertheless, each young bird must be subjected to severe training in order to fit it for those arduous competitions which annually take place among first-class birds. As soon as the fledgling is fairly strong on its wing, it is taken a few miles from the cote and released. It rises into the air, looks about it, and starts straight away for home. There is no mystery about this at all—when it has attained the hight of a few yards the dove can see its cote, and full of that strong love of home, which is so characteristic of its wild ancestors, the blue rocks, it hastens back to the society of its mates. The next day the trial distance is double, and the third day is still further increased, until in few weeks it will return from a distance of seventy miles, which is all that a bird of the year is "fit" to do; and, when two years old, will return from two hundred miles, longer distances of being left to more mature birds. But all this training must be in a continuous direction; if the first lesson was toward the east, subsequent lessons must also be; nor can the added distance each time exceed a certain limit, for then, after trying this way and that, and failing to recognize any landmark, the bird will simply come back to where it was thrown up. Moreover, it must always be clear weather. Homing pigeons will make no attemgt to start in a fog, or if they do get away, a hundred chances to one they will be lost. Nor do they travel at night, but settle down at dusk and renew their journey in the morning. When snow disguises the landscape, also, many pigeons go astray. None of these circumstances seriously hamper the semi-annual migrations of swallows or geese. They journey by night as well as by day, straight over vast bodies of water and flat deserts, true to the north or south. Homing pigeons, fly northward and southward, east or west, equally as well and it is evident that their course is guided only by observation. Watch one tossed. On strong pinions it mounts straight up into the air a hundred feet. Then it begins to sweep around in great circles, rising higher and higher, until—if the locality is seventy-five or one hundred miles beyond where it has ever been before—it will go almost out of sight. Then suddenly you will see it strike off upon a straight course, and that course is homeward. But take the same bird there a second time and none of aerial revolutions will occur—its time is too pressing, its homesickness too intense for that; instantly it will turn its face towards its owner's dove-cote.

He that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness, therefore we should cherish ardor in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

The Railroad from Carson to Bodie, if built, will make a favorable route to Yosemite. There will not be more than 50 or 60 miles of staging, and it will be through some grand scenery. It will run by Mono Lake on the eastern side of the summit, Calaveras big trees on the western, and other points of interest.

All lovers of good Tobacco, go to Elston's.

THE WOODLAND STANDARD.

WOODLAND, YOLO COUNTY, CAL.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT, - Proprietor.

Yes or No.

Sweetest maiden, hear my prayer,
Pass me not in coldness by,
Let me not forlorn here lie,
Here me, maiden, hear my prayer.

I have watched thee from afar;
Waited for thy coming here,
Half with hope and half with fear
I have dared thy way to bar.

I have loved thee long and true,
Do not smile with so much scorn;
I *must* tell thee, e'en though lorn,
My love returns—banished by you.

Dearer far than all on earth
Art thou to my loving heart;
All the wealth of every mart
Could not more enhance thy worth.

Though thy beauty is so great,
Owns my love no carnal birth;
'Twas thine own intrinsic worth
Led my soul to seek its mate.

Humbly I submit my ples,
Full unworthy though I be,
Let my love appeal to thee,
And bestow thy heart on me.

Sweetest maiden, hear my prayer,
Pass me not in coldness by,
Let me not forlorn here die,
Grant me, maiden, grant my prayer.

Army Adventures.

One bright fall day, when the whole grand Shenandoah Valley was bathed in sunshine and seemed to sleep in peace, a squadron of Custer's men, accompanied by forage wagons, drew up before a farm-house about three miles west of Staunton. The enemy had fallen back and no danger was to be apprehended from any considerable force. Coming down the valley from camp, near Cross Keys, we had driven along a few Confederate scouts and videttes and routed out several bushwhackers, and were now intent on "surrounding" horse-forage. A Union scout, well acquainted with every farm-house in the valley, had guided the column, and we halted wherever he hinted that corn, oats or hay could be procured.

Ten of us had galloped along considerably in advance of the wagons, and when we halted in front of the house we saw a farmer, his wife, two children and a young man dressed in Confederate uniform in the path between the gate and the veranda. They had doubtless heard the clatter of hoofs and started down to the gate to investigate. The sight of Federal soldiers was a disappointment and a cause for alarm. We all saw the Confederate as we rode up, but while we were dismounting he disappeared. It did not seem as if one of us lost sight of him for ten seconds, yet he somehow faded out of sight. The farmer and his wife and children stood still until we came up, and then he gloomily said:

"I reckon you have come to take away my grain and provisions. Well, I can't stop you."

The captain explained our mission and assured him that he should be given a voucher for whatever was taken, and then asked him who the Confederate soldier was, and where he had so mysteriously disappeared.

"We don't know anything about any Confederate soldier!" sharply responded the wife, and that settled it with us.

I have on several occasions been present when a Confederate, home on furlough because of sickness or wounds, has been unearthed by Federal foragers and not disturbed. Had this chap been a son, home on such an excuse, the mother would have said so at once and trusted to the captain's kindness of heart not to bear him off a prisoner. That would have been mother-like and probably successful. He would have been placed under guard in a room and allowed to escape by the window, or some other plan fixed on to permit him to reach the woods and await our departure, for it would have been no gain and reflected no credit on the command to capture and lug off a half-dead and unarmed man.

"Surround the house!" was the order from the captain, and almost instantly we had it inclosed by a circle of mounted and dismounted troopers. The woman's snappish reply had convinced every one of us that the soldier we had seen was somebody worth capturing.

As soon as the circle was complete, five of us entered the house to search it, while the family sat down in the woodshed, sullen and defiant. They might have been alone there ten minutes before we reached it in our search. In the shed was a pile of wood, a few cooking utensils, washtubs, etc., and in a row stood three apple barrels. Two of these were unheaded and contained corn in the ear to feed poultry, while the third was headed up. We had searched the house from garret to cellar without finding the Confederate, and it was believed that the man had escaped before the circle was complete. The captain stationed a guard at each of the three outer doors, including the woodshed, and then began loading the corn, oats and hay found in the barn. This work occupied about half an hour. I was on guard in the woodshed, and during all this time none of the family left it, nor did any of them exchange more than a word or two.

When the captain came in to present the farmer with his vouchers he was accompanied by the Union scout. That there was an ugly feeling between the scout and the farmer was seen at a glance.

"Then it was you who brought the Yankees here to rob us!" exclaimed the farmer as the scout entered the shed.

"He is a coward and a robber!" added the woman.

The scout made no reply, but called the captain's attention to the three barrels of corn.

"That corn is for my poultry, and you won't rob a woman!" exclaimed the wife as she came forward.

"The less poultry you have the fewer foragers you will see," answered the scout, and he began moving the barrels out.

The farmer and his wife protested and pleaded, but their harsh language had aroused the scout's ire and he stopped not until he had seen the barrels loaded into one of the wagons, the body of which was filled with loose oats. We then made a further search of the house without finding any trace of the Confederate, and the command took the road back toward Cross Keys.

Some of the cavalry were riding ahead and some behind the wagons, and we had gone perhaps a mile when the antics of a large dog belonging to the teamster in whose wagon the three barrels had been loaded began to attract attention. The animal began a furious barking and seemed determined to leap into the wagon, and one of the troopers called out:

"Hold on here a bit! Who knows but that Johnny Reb slipped into that wagon?"

"It's either a Johnny or an elephant," replied the teamster as he drew rein. "That dog is always oneasy when either a Confed. or an elephant is around, and if it's an elephant, he's got to help these 'ere mules up the hills."

We were closing in on the wagon, when out jumped a crumpled-looking Confederate. He alighted in the midst of the horses; dodged here and there, and by the time we had made out who he was he was over the highway fence and running for the brush. Carbines were unslung and revolvers drawn, but he would doubtless have escaped us but for the dog. He was thirty rods from the fence when "Jack" seized him by the leg and flung him down, and he was lying on the grass with the big mastiff standing over him when we came up.

"Cuss the dog!" was all he said as we surrounded him, and though a score of questions were leveled at him he refused to answer a single one.

"That man is Charley Phillips, one of the most noted Confederate scouts in the valley!" said our Union guide as he caught sight of the prisoner.

He had been headed up in the barrel by the farmer, and after being loaded into the wagon had released himself. The dog alone prevented his escape. He was ordered into the wagon along with two guards, and in this manner reached camp. A Confederate prisoner of war was no curiosity, and after an interview with Custer the scout was sent to the guard tent to wait until the Provost Marshal was ready to forward him north. No charge could be brought against him and he was to be treated as an ordinary prisoner of war.

A Federal in his place might not have thought of escape. At least, few would have taken the chances he did. Before entering the guard tent he took a swift glance around the camp, noting the direction of the highway, the general lay of the land, and the place where the nearest horses were tied. Four sentinels paced around the tent, and the tent itself stood in the very center of our camp.

Soon after the camp had grown quiet for the night, Phillips suddenly sprang from the tent upon one of the sentinels, and with a blow of his fist sent the surprised blue-coat rolling in the mud. Of course the alarm was instantly given, but as the scout bounded off in the direction of the horses the sentinels dared not fire for fear of killing some one in the camp. Five hundred men turned out in a moment, and the alarm was given to the regular camp-guard. Phillips was seen to crowd his way among the horses, and with all the camp astir it did not seem as if he had the slightest show for getting away. He had calculated on the alarm and subsequent confusion. While he was cool and collected, everybody else was excited. He mounted, wheeled the horse about, and riding straight at the line he opened a gap and went through. He was struck at and shot at, and one trooper caught him by the left boot and hung on until dragged to the ground.

"There he goes—shoot him—stop him—catch him!" were shouts heard all over camp.

The horse was headed for the highway, and had he been a life-long Confederate, instead of a charger from Ohio, he could not have put forth greater efforts to save our prisoner. He upset one tent, cleared a field-piece at a flying leap, and finally struck the highway at a gallop. More than twenty men mounted bareback and pursued, but Phillips got safe away and took a $200 horse with him.

About three months after this episode, when Early must have been terrible anxious to know about Sheridan's strength and plans, I was one evening at the armorer's quarters in camp to get the lock of my revolver repaired. Several others were in waiting, and of course our conversation was free and general. We had been talking for a quarter of an hour, when in came the teamster who owned "Old Jack," and the dog was trotting by his side.

"Here, I want this shooter fixed!" said the teamster, as he pulled out his revolver. "For some reason or other—why, what in tophet ails the dog?"

The animal stood before one of the soldiers, growling fiercely, the hair on his back erect and his whole appearance denoting great anger. We all turned to the man, whose face grew pale at once.

"That chap is either a Confed. or an elephant!" bluntly remarked the teamster. "Old Jack is never stirred up that way, except by one or t'other!"

"I belong to the First Michigan," answered the man.

"What company?"

"Company B."

"What's your Captain's name?"

He gave it.

"Who's orderly sergeant?"

We had him there. He hesitated, gave a wrong name, and finally said he was a recruit but lately arrived. This might be true. We were bound to find out, and he offered to accompany us to company quarters. Half way there he suddenly broke away, but the dog caught him, and it was not long before we discovered him to be Charley Phillips, and in our camp as a spy. A court-martial made quick work with his case, but while waiting the rope and under guard, he opened the veins in his arms and bled to death.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"A Fraud in Silks," is the startling head-line in an exchange. Ah! Went back on you, did she?"—[Rockland Courier.

Bismarck's New Policy.

At the Berlin Congress, Prince Bismarck maintained a very judicial mood, now advocating concessions on the part of Russia, now supporting African accession of territory, and again putting in a good word for England. Much of the success of the treaty was due to his personality, and no nation could claim the special friendship of Germany. Since that time the great game on the European chess-board has been confined principally to a small play among the pawns. But now the long-headed diplomat at Emperor William's side makes a move and says "Check," the effect of which must be far-reaching. No event has impressed Bismarck for some time like the ministerial change in Austria. It looked like retrogression in the work of consolidating that community of nationalities into one power. The first sign that he was bent upon a new departure showed itself in the heated attacks of the Russian semi-official papers on Germany, the effect of which not even the meeting of the Emperors themselves could neutralize.

Hardly had the Emperors taken leave of each other when the German Chancellor, not trusting written information, visited Vienna himself, and arranged an offensive and defensive alliance between the two countries. By this action Germany supports Austria against Russia in the east. The organization of the new Bulgarian States has been in form according to the treaty, but in spirit thoroughly Russian, and Bismarck must have looked upon the fall of the Hungarian Ministry as another gain for the Muscovite interests. He who has led his royal masters from victory to victory over the different States of the old fatherland, and has created a genuine national feeling among the German-speaking people, knows well enough that his national allies are of Teutonic blood, and that the interests of Austria and Germany are one. The best proof that this move has touched a popular chord is seen in the enthusiasm of the German papers. The semi-official *North German Gazette* explains that Austro-Hungary will find this understanding between the two powers to be the best safeguard against Panslavism; Germany has in it a rear-guard against coalitions for revenge, and Europe an assurance of peace. The *National Zeitung* expresses implicit confidence in Prince Bismarck's foreign policy, points out the propriety and necessity of the Austrian alliance, and likens the occupation of Bosnia and Herzegovina to the annexation of Alsace-Lorraine.

The Russian press, which a fortnight since was clamoring loudly for aggressive measures in Afghanistan and against British rule in Central Asia, wheels around completely, and argues the "necessity of a good understanding between England and their country." Bismarck must indeed have made a sharp move to check so suddenly Russia's demonstrations against England. The new German alliance can hardly compromise England, and the tendency will be to isolate Russia from Western Europe.—*N.Y. Examiner and Chronicle.*

A Noble Indian Girl.

It would hardly be worth our while to celebrate a civilized maiden who has only *face* beauty to recommend her. But a story told by a lady in the Cleveland, Ohio, *Home Companion*, of a half-civilized maiden who possessed both that and the more charming beauty of the heart, will well repay reading. "Whitefeather" lives at the Shawnee Mission in Kansas, and the narrator, who was one of a party of emigrants that stopped at the Mission on their way west, describes her as she saw her there, with her black hair unbound and flowing to her feet:

It was a picture of wild beauty which I shall never forget. It helped me to understand the beautiful story of Pocahontas and her charms, which had excited the admiration of the great ladies of England, all of which I could believe while looking at the beautiful White Feather. But we all had cause to remember the good Indian girl for qualities of more value than all her personal charms.

Soon after the emigrants arrived at their new settlement, many of them were taken sick with ague—one, a mother of several little children—with typhoid fever. A messenger was sent to Kansas City for help, and on his way he called at the Mission again and told his story.

White Feather listened with eager interest and pity. She remembered the poor woman lying there sick with the typhoid, because of kind words she had received from her, and some little presents made her during that stop on our way in. With permission of the missionary, she mounted a half-tamed pony, and without any saddle, came that day nearly thirty miles, to offer her services to take care of the sick.

When, weeks afterwards, by careful nursing, the sick ones were up and able to get along without any further help, she was ready to return on her bare-back pony.

She was taken back in a comfortable wagon, but she refused to take any pay for her services. The present of a side-saddle and some articles of dress was at last accepted, and with smiles shining through the tears in her great tender eyes, she bade us all good-by.

Courting in the Azores, if one can credit the correspondence of the Philadelphia *Times*, is done at long range. Passing a house the correspondent saw a young man standing in the middle of the road talking to a young lady who was leaning over the railing of the balcony. When he saw he was noticed he walked away, but presently returned and resumed his conversation. On inquiry the correspondent learned that they always begin that way and that the young man is never admitted to the house until about to be engaged to the young lady, and then he sees her only in the presence of other members of the family. If they are as careful of their wives as they are of their maidens in the Azores, the inhabitants of those charming islands escape a good deal in the way of scandal.

Education is the keynote of society.

Ruined.

The following incident, told by a correspondent writing from Zululand, illustrates Shakespeare lines: "O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil!" "O that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains!"

A young Englishman of good family—there is no need to mention his name—had been appointed to a commission in the Frontier Light Horse, under Col. Buller's command.

Once he had committed himself through drink, but the offense had been passed over, and he was so efficient, and had behaved himself so well both at Zlobane and Kambula, that he had been recommended for a commission in one of the regular infantry regiments.

Since Zlobane, it is said, he had been subject to fits of excitement, and these were scarcely soothed by occasional recourse to drink.

Last night before "lights out" I heard him swearing to himself in a very excited way about some grievance in the way of extra duty which he fancied he had.

Later, when the camp was quiet, he fired his revolver in his tent. There was naturally a general commotion. No alarm was sounded, but in an instant every man turned out.

The caused ascertained, the troops were ordered to turn in, and the young officer was ordered to consider himself under arrest.

The camp was scarcely quite again when he repeated the foolish performance of firing his revolver, and there was a repetition of the universal turnout.

The General and his staff came round into Buller's camp, and summary and strong measure were determined on.

But the young fellow was in his tent rapidly breathing out threatening and slaughter, and protesting that he would shoot any one who attempted to enter.

Major Clery was equal to the occasion. He had the tent-ropes loosened, and down came the tent on its obstreperous inmate, effectually bonneting him.

He was at once seized, bound and under a guard conveyed into the artillery camp, where he was made fast to a gun-wheel, a blanket given him, and he was so secured from further mischief.

The poor fellow raved on wildly all night. It is an evidence of what influence Buller exerted over those under his command, and the burden of his constant cry was,—

"Send me away before Buller comes back; don't let me see Buller! I never can face Buller again after this!"

Buller is at present absent on reconnoissance; he had overlooked the young fellow's previous backsliding, and had saved his life at Zlobane. He had his prayer.

This morning his accounts were made up; the money due to him was paid him; Gen. Wood, in a sentence, dismissed him from his force, with a stern warning that if he came back, he should be flogged as an unauthorized camp follower.

He was set on his pony and escorted by an officer and a file of men, conducted to the other side of the Blood River, and there turned adrift on the world.

The late Commodore Vanderbilt always wore a white cravat, and might easily be mistaken for a clergyman. As he was riding in a horse-car one day, two young men were talking loudly and swearing profusely. One of them caught sight of the Commodore, and remarked to his friend, "Ther'es a minister." Then turning to the Commodore, he said to him, "I suppose you think we are going straight to the bad place." "O, no, I don't," replied the Commodore very pleasantly; when the fellow exclaimed to his companion, "I say, Jim, he's a Universalist."

A pun is like a country-man's new suit of "store clothes." It is better appreciated by the owner than by all his friends combined.

They say there is temporary peace in San Domingo, but there is never any other kind of peace down there.

PERFECTION ATTAINED.

How a Local Art Gallery Represents the History of San Francisco---The Best Portrait of General Grant ever Taken.--Photography in its Most Attractive Form.--All Styles and Sizes of Portraits Artistically Perfect.

There are many reasons why the best photographic work in the world should be done in this city. The atmosphere is acknowledged to be as pure as that of Italy; the sky is the bluest and brightest, and everything that can be claimed as an advantage in the production of the most artistically beautiful portraits is to be found here. In addition to all this, at the celebrated gallery of Bradley & Rulofson, on the corner of Montgomery and Sacramento streets, there are the most perfect appliances ever utilized for taking faithful likenesses, and the staff includes the most accomplished and experienced photographic artists in the United States. While the proprietors of certain other portrait galleries are constantly making pretentions to exceptional excellence, the management of Bradley & Rulofson's establishment keeps on the even tenor of its way with finer results than can be shown anywhere else. As a consequence of this, the most meritorious portrait of General Grant taken in San Francisco can be seen in Bradley & Rulofson's gallery. It is simply impossible to improve on this splendid portrait of the great General, who is shown in it with his noble face and attractive mien. Being a talented artist, the operator who presided at the camera during the visit of General Grant has succeeded in throwing the light so effectually, that the best features of the head and face appear to the greatest advantage, while the eyes are shown with perfect naturalness. There is a total absence of the rugged lines and harsh shades which do so much to mar the beauty of seventy-five of every hundred portraits taken in this and other cities. Every detail is vigorous and yet softened, and the pose has all the easy, graceful dignity that so eminently belongs to the first citizen and grandest historical figure of the United States. All lovers of legitimate art should visit Bradley & Rulofson's gallery to see this magnificent portrait of General Grant, which will find a favorite place in thousands of households, and, side by side with Washington and Lincoln, be preserved through the coming centuries. Having the two highest of all advantages, of being the likeness of the greatest American character of the age, and the finest specimen of photography ever seen, this portrait will ever exist as something that the nation will delight to honor, and as one vigorous generation follows another, the likeness will be treasured as a souvenir that nothing less than sacrilege could mar. Although Bradley & Rulofson have produced numerous splendid portraits of all styles and sizes, they have never done any better work than this. Their series of celebrities is renowned throughout the world, representing, as it does, the visit of every illustrious stranger to this coast and the finest description of photography known. There is something extremely interesting, in the fact that portraits forming part of this series are to be found in almost every city of the civilized world. In the drawing rooms of Mayfair and Belgravia, as well as the salons of the Champs Elysees, photographic productions bearing the name of Bradley & Rulofson, are almost as familiar as in the palatial residences of San Francisco. Sarony, of New York, is another name carrying off distinguished honors, but neither it nor any other in the world of photographic art is more deservedly celebrated than that of Bradley & Rulofson, which is suggestive of everything meritorious and beautiful in the great modern art of taking portraits. No higher praise than this can be accorded under any circumstances, and the finest element about it is that it is fully merited.

In the way of likenesses, what cannot be procured at the gallery of Bradley & Rulofson is not worth having. All styles and sizes of portraits are taken there in the most perfect manner. Large pictures for exhibition, in handsome frames, on the walls of richly furnished rooms, can be produced by the talented and experienced artists of this establishment with as much ease as simple cabinet cards, and the prettiest possible miniatures for brooches and lockets are furnished as readily as the most ordinary likeness. What adds, moreover, greatly to the interest of a visit to this famous gallery is the fact that in the show-cases and on the walls are the portraits of the greatest men and brightest society beauties who have from time to time graced the streets of San Francisco. Wherever the eye turns there is something historically attractive, forming in itself an episode, epoch or era. Some of the originals have passed to that silent and shadowy country from whose bourne no traveler ever returns, but their likenesses are still parts of this world's life and are likely to ever remain so. It should also be said that improvements in photography are being constantly introduced at Bradley & Rulofson's Gallery, and that whether the portraits desired be those of ladies, gentlemen or children, none more beautiful than those which are produced at this celebrated art establishment can be procured in the United States.—*S. F. Evening Post.*

The National Surgical Institute.

The people of the Pacific Coast may well congratulate themselves upon the establishment of one of the divisions of this great institution upon this coast, located at 319 Bush St., San Francisco. This is the largest Institution in the world devoted especially to the treatment of spinal diseases, curvature of the spine, crooked limbs, club feet, hip disease, knee joint disease, paralysis, piles, fistula, etc. and all diseases requiring surgical treatment. It is composed of four great divisions. Eastern Division located at Philadelphia, Pa., corner of Broad and Arch Sts. The Central Division is located at Indianapolis, Ind., corner of Illinois and Georgia Sts. The Southern Division is located at Atlanta, Georgia, corner of Alabama and Tryon Sts. The Western Division is located at San Francisco, 319 Bush St.

Each Division has its machine shop where all apparatus used is manufactured under the immediate supervision of a competent surgeon from accurate measurements of the patient in whose case they are to be used. This is absolutely necessary, as experience has proven that ready made apparatus is entirely unreliable, nearly always proving worthless and frequently harmful.

The *Hebrew Observer* of San Francisco, says: "This Institution is one of the most wonderful in the United States, it being an undertaking requiring many years of toil and trouble, and the expenditure of much money. As a result, the Institute has treated over forty thousand cases of crippled and deformed, and has succeeded to the largest and most reputable Institution of the kind in America. Its surgeons are not itinerant quacks, but honorable gentlemen of responsibility, and of an Institution sustained by the best people and press of the land, backed by hundreds of thousands of dollars, and with a national reputation and practice. Hence none need fear to rely upon their promises and advice, and place any case in their hands which they are willing to undertake. They do not pretend to cure everything, and there are many cases which they will not receive under treatment upon any consideration.

Steadily Winning.

We doubt if there is a better weekly newspaper published anywhere in the United States than the San Francisco WEEKLY CHRONICLE. It completely fulfills the most exacting idea of what such a publication should be, when neither effort nor expense is spared to produce it. Ably conducted, clearly printed, large in size, replete with news, and containing something of interest for every imaginable class of readers, it is steadily winning its way to an immense circulation.

Rebellious Ores

Have discouraged many a miner, but the Robertson Process is helping them out of their difficulty. Parties from Tulare county recently brought some of the worst kind of ore to Mr. Robertson's furnace in Oakland, and were shown how to work the ores themselves. They tested the system thoroughly and were so well satisfied that they purchased the right to use the process. John A. Robertson, Oakland, Cal., is the inventor and owner.

The Best Evidence

Of merit in Turner's Regulator is the fact that those who buy one bottle purchase more and advise their friends to do the same. One retail druggist has already sold half a gross in a short time. The fact that it contains Cascora Sacrada or Sacred Bark encourages druggists and physicians to recommend Turner's Regulator for liver complaint and a blood purifier.

M. Blondin, who is now performing on the rope in Vienna, is said, by *The London World*, to be followed everywhere by a Mr. Thompson, who has made a bet of $50,000 that the acrobat will fall from the rope and be killed before he reaches the age of sixty. M. Blondin is now fifty-five.

Mrs. Partington Says

Don't take any of the quack rostrums, as they are regimental to the human cistern; but put your trust in Hop Bitters, which will cure general dilapidation, costive habits and all comic diseases. They saved Isaac from a severe extract of tripod fever. They are the *ne plus unum* of medicines.—*Independent.*

The Yosemite Valley

Is the wonder and admiration of the world. Yosemite Cologne is a wonderful article and those who buy one trial bottle for 25 cents will never be without it.

Dentistry.

Go to Dr. Cochrane, 850 Market street, San Francisco, if you want first-class work at low rates. Cochrane stands at the head of his profession.

SIR ASTLEY COOPER'S VITAL RESTORATIVE, The Great English Remedy—has made more cures of general debility, nervous diseases, lassitude and prostration of the system than all other medicines combined. Why will you suffer? Send to A. E. Mintie, M. D., 11 Kearny St., San Francisco, for the Restorative and be cured. Price, $3 per bottle. Four times the quantity, $10. Try a bottle. Dr. Mintie treats all special diseases successfully.

Families who wish to secure first-class groceries at low price will do well to read the price list of Sbarboro & Co. in another place. This old and well-known firm was established in 1855, and deals always on the square.

Buy the Best.

The best photograph is always the cheapest, but at the Imperial Gallery, 71¾ Market street, San Francisco, you get not only the best but the lowest-priced work in the city.

$45 will buy 1000 fine cigars at J. W. Shaeffer & Co.'s, 323 Sacramento St., S. F. (No Drummers employed.)

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THE Photograph Gallery of Wm. Shew has been removed from 115 to 523 Kearny St., San Francisco.

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Golden Sugar ₱ lb	9¾@10c
Yellow Sugar ₱ lb	8, 9@9¾c
Syrup, Extra Golden, per keg of 5 gallons	2 50
Choice Green Coffee ₱ lb	18@22½
Fresh Ground Conee ₱ lb	20@27½c
Fresh Japan Teas, ₱ lb	25, 30 40 and 50c
Extra choice English Breakfast Teas, ₱ lb	50, 75c@1 00
Extra Choice Japan Tea, ₱ jar	$1 25
Butter, Choice Table, ₱ lb	32½@37½
Fresh Corn Meal, yellow or white, ₱ lb	1¾@2c
Fresh Oat Meal ₱ lb	4¼@5c
Flour, extra family ₱ bbl. guaranteed	$5 75@$6 50
New Cod Fish ₱ lb	3½@4c
Good Chemical Olive Soap ₱ box	30@75c
Canary Seed ₱ lb	5c
Candles ₱ lb	10@15c
Coal Oil, Extra ₱ can of 5 gallons	$1 00@$1 75
Fresh Cove Oysters ₱ dozen	$1 00@$1 75
15 lbs. Choice Table Rice ₱ lb	1@9c
12 Sago or Tapioca	$1 00
Beans, all kinds, new, ₱ lb	1½@3c
Yeast Powders, our own, pure, ₱ doz	$1 35
Pepper, fresh ground, ₱ lb	25c
Mustard, fresh ground, ₱ lb	25c
Corn Starch, per package	10c
Hams, Choice California, ₱ lb	10@12c
Bacon, light breakfast, ₱ lb	10@12c
Lard, Pure, ₱ lb	10@12c
Cheese, Real Steele's Dairy, ₱ lb	15@17c
Dried Apples, ₱ lb	4@5c

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Intelligence Items.

Mexico does not like the one-term principle.

A North Carolina church is said to have paid its pastor only a half bushel of peas for a year's preaching.

An association has been formed in Spain to introduce horse-racing into the country as a substitute for bull-baiting.

The Lutherans have 3,150 ministers, 5600 congregations and 725,000 communicants in the United States and Canada.

A little Boston boy got lost in the White Mountains the other day, and when they found him he was quoting Emerson and yelling alternately.

A lady at Newport wants to give a ball upon a night when no one else entertains. She began looking for dates in July and is still looking for "unengaged time."

It is estimated by those who would appear to have plenty of leisure, that at least $150,000 have been spent at Newport this year in private entertainments of one kind and another.

A Cuban gave a dinner party at the Windsor Hotel, Saratoga, a few days ago to ten ladies and gentlemen. The contract was $10 a plate exclusive of wines, the bill for which is said to have been $125.

Cupid has not done much of importance at the watering-places this year. The ladies say the men are too much interested in pools and horses, and the men say of the ladies that they are not of the kind read about in the story books.

The 30,000 deaf mutes in the United States have for their accommodation fifty places of worship, where services are conducted in the sign language. They owe this blessing to the Church Mission to Deaf Mutes, of which Rev. Thomas Gallaudet, is the manager.

Three amateur fishermen were off Fire Island in a boat the other day. It became rough, and the imitation Ike Waltons became sick. Said one: "If you do not pull for the shore I shall die." Said another: "Take notice, I leave everything to my wife," and the third said: "Thank heaven, I didn't pay that extra dollar for this boat the man wanted."

Many of the streets of Paris are still lighted by means of oil or petroleum lamps. There are nearly one hundred and fifty streets, lanes and passages which are illuminated by the old *reverbere* swung on a cord across the street or on the old-fashioned gibbet lamp-posts, specimens of which may be seen on the quais anywhere from the Tuileries up to Bercy.

The movements of the French and English fleets in the East are creating a good deal of speculation. The French are evidently bent on helping the Greeks in Salonica in case of Mussulman outrages. The visit of the English men-of-war to Besika Bay is not altogether a mere summer cruise. Unquestionably England is doing all it can to help Turkey in its negotiations with Greece.

John Sherman's Industry as a Boy.

Gen. Sherman, in speaking of his brother John, the Secretary of the Treasury, tells an incident of his early life which exhibits the industry and self-reliance of the man. Said the General:

My father died when I was ten, leaving mother poor, so that for many years her support and that of her younger children devolved upon the older boys, chiefly my brother Charles.

After some years's employment in the improvement of the Muskingum, under Gen. Curtis, John was taken into the office of our brother Charles, at Mansfield, to help about the office, and make himself as useful as he could.

John continued there until one day in his twenty-first year, he asked Charles for fifty dollars. Charles was alarmed. What could the boy mean by asking for this large sum?

John proceeded to explain that he wanted to go to Columbus to be admitted to the bar. This was a still greater surprise. The boy had never asked his brother to train him for the law, nor did he appear to be training himself.

So Charles said to him, "You cannot be admitted to the bar without knowing some law." John insisted that he knew more law than some who had passed an examination, and that he was determined, if he could raise the money.

"But why do you want so large a sum?" was the reply. John explained that in the first place he must have respectable clothing, and that the remainder would be required for hotel and traveling expenses.

The elder brother assented; the clothes were ordered, and on the very day that John was twenty-one, he presented himself before the proper authorities at Columbus, and passed a very flattering examination.

On returning to Mansfield, he notified Charles that he was going to Iowa to practice law. The latter remonstrated on the ground that there was room enough in Mansfield for them both, and that, too, in his own office.

This resulted in articles of co-partnership, and the painting of John Sherman's name on the sign as an attorney-at-law. That partnership continued until, at the formation of the Republican party, John was sent to Congress by the Republicans of his district, from whence he was transferred to the United States Senate for three successive terms, and in which he has served for sixteen years until he was called to the Cabinet of President Hayes.

In the course of the seasons the time has arrived when the young man sits in the parlor with the idol of his soul, and thinks he would be in heaven if he were married; whereas, the girl's father, who has been married for some period, probes around the house with a lamp, looking for some cold food for his supper, and smiles a smile suggestive of sad experience when he reflects that he was once young and beautiful himself, and as big a fool as the young man on the sofa.

The Debtors' Prison.

Never was there a pleasanter antithesis suggested than the conversion of the site of the Queen's Bench Prison into a children's playground. A correspondent on Thursday made the proposal, and another on Friday showed how feasible is its accomplishment. Lying off the Borough road, the melancholy spot has none of that costly frontage which government surveyors value like ordinary mortals. No compensation would have to be paid to displaced traders. No evicted poor would complain that the amusements of childhood were being purchased at the expense of added toil and straitened accommodation for grown men and women. The land is a waste happily fallen out of cultivation. It bore for several centuries a luxuriant series of harvests of indolence and despair. At length it has ceased to be worth the plowing. But it is no common land. There is a sort of miserable sanctity about it which appeals against its appropriation to the ordinary business of life. Like a spot which has earned a tragic distinction by the murder of a saint or a king, it demands to be purified by some nobler use. To dedicate it to the innocent recreation of children would be for the nation to erect the best *chapelle expiatoire* in its power in atonement for ages of legal blundering.

The Queen's, or King's Bench Prison derived its name from its original institution for the confinement of persons guilty of contempt of the Queen's, or King's Bench Court. It had, according to a very doubtful legend, countenanced by Shakespeare, a very illustrious inmate once in King Henry V., committed to it when Prince of Wales by Chief Justice Gascoigne. But its real use was as a place of detention for the multitudes detained under the ordinary law of debt and bankruptcy. With the casuistry which delighted old English jurisprudence, failure to discharge a debt was regarded as a contempt of the court which had made the order for its payment. A man who did not pay his grocer's bill was arrested and imprisoned, not for breach of faith to the shopkeeper, but for disobedience to the Judge. Merchants whom the unavoidable chances of commerce had overwhelmed, fine gentlemen who had squandered their estates at the gaming table, authors whom a patron had disappointed by refusing a dedication or its price, government contractors who had failed in their engagements, Chancery suitors who either from obstinacy or inability could not comply with the command of a Chancellor or Master of the Rolls, were all in their turn fish for this insatiable net. It had companions, though scarcely competitors, in its business. There was the Fleet Prison, made illustrious by Mr. Pickwick, in Farrington street. There was near at hand the old Marshalsea Prison, like itself in the borough. There was Whitecross Street Prison in the neighborhood of Shoreditch. But customers were forthcoming enough for all and to spare. They overflowed the walls of the King's Bench. Its 230 rooms were too few, though each often held more than a single lodger. Many debtors, once immured, remained prisoners for the term of their lives. They could do little or nothing to help themselves. The compassion of their acquaintances and relatives was exhausted on petty remittances. A result was that more pressure for space compelled in time assent to the strangest arrangement it ever entered the imagination of legal administrator to devise. Courts, whether of common law, equity, bankruptcy, or admiralty, ordered the imprisonment of supposed offenders against their majesty when the real offense for the most part was only an unpardonable impecuniosity.

But in ordinary cases of such imprisonment for debt a class of half boarders, as it were, was formed. The debtor was assumed to be a prisoner under lock and key. He was in reality living in his own neighborhood in his own hired lodgings. This "liberty of the rules" was purchased according to a regular tariff, and the prison precincts were enlarged for the privileged persons till they comprised St. George's fields. Students of Thackeray will remember how, in one of his shorter tales, the victim of a knavish promoter of companies lives pitiably "within the rules" with his wife to comfort or share his desolation. So artificial and unmeaning in time did the whole system become that the custom of the "rules" was extended without even the excuse of the limitation of prison space. A debtor might have resources, though not sufficient to buy himself out of gaol altogether. Such a person was allowed to purchase a "day rule," and to go about among his friends on condition of returning, like a schoolboy or a soldier, by roll-call. The one essential condition of the system, in truth, was that men who had been sentenced to prison for want of industry or skill to meet their engagements to their creditors were compelled to a life of idleness. They had their fives and racket courts in the prison. They were encouraged to spend whatever money they could extort from the shame or charity of friends in procuring delicacies and luxuries from outside. They were allowed to entertain visitors. Major Pendennis, if we remember aright, confused on one occasion King's Bench Walk in the Temple with the King's Bench in Southwark, where he had partaken of many pleasant little dinner parties. They might, if they preferred it and had the means, fold their hands in rooms outside the prison instead of folding their hands within it. They might take a holiday and feel the free air and sunshine. The one thing unlawful was that they should resume the course of ordinary life in which alone was there any possibility of obtaining power to repair the wrong society charged to them. At length reason revolted, with the aid of the great masters of fiction on its side, against a system which insulted it. In 1835 "the liberty of the rules" and "day rules" were abolished by statute. The reformed Parliament determined that, if the law of debt was not merciful, it should at any rate be logical. If debt were a crime, it was senseless to permit the criminal to purchase exemptions from its penalties. How the authorities of the prison managed to find room for their charges when residence was compulsory remains a mystery. A few years later, in 1842, the difficulty must have been augmented by the transfer of the Fleet and Marshalsea prisoners to the Queen's Bench which now became "the Queen's Prison." The building maintained a precarious existence as a military prison; but its dismal glory was departed, and now the very structure is doomed. —*London Times.*

The Young Philosopher.

One of the curious specimens of the genus homo is the young philosopher. He is not to be met with frequently, but when found he is not unworthy of some study. His devotion to the fundamental problems of existence occupy his attention to such an extent that it is not very frequently that he makes a public appearance. But when he does you will find him to be an eccentric genius. In the matter of dress you will notice that though he may be neat, he displays supreme contempt for what is known as the latest styles. Sometimes the fastidious might call him slouchy. But in view of the interest which he excites in other ways this can be overlooked. It was overlooked in Dr. Johnson. Though Rosseau dressed like a scare crow, he was greatly admired and was no inferior man in love affairs. This disregard of fashion is natural. The young philospher is a heretic in ideas. Why should he not be a heretic in dress? There is always a greater or less correspondence between belief and conduct. The young philosopher cannot be considered a very jovial person. He is of a gloomy disposition. His devotion to the absolute and the infinite has made him insensible to the pleasures of life. In fact his wanderings through the dark and mysterious corridors of philosophy have almost unfitted him for the enjoyment of life. He is a sort of Casper Hauser. He does not understand why people should like to do this thing which he thinks frivolous or read that thing which to him seems stupid. The wonderful charm of the inscrutable and intangible are the source of more delight than the finest drama or the most exquisite love story. Both are based upon a passion which he scorns to feel. "What are women to me?" he asks; "they have been the cause of much trouble in this world, and for aught I know they are the source of as much trouble in the next. Away with them!" His sweethearts are Kant and Schlegel, Hamilton and Spencer. At their shrine he worships, and to their genius he offers up all he has—his profoundest admiration. He talks glibly of Darwin and Haeckel, of Von Baer and Lamarck. If he were to make love he could only approach the subject by the assistance of these authors. If he dreams it is only of protoplasm and atoms. Why this should be so is as mysterious to his friends as the imponderability of non-existent substances is to him. If the universe is an enigma to him, he is an enigma to his friends. There are many things which are past finding out, and he is one of them. His number is limited, and perhaps it is well that it is. For if the world were filled with such lugubrious mortals, it might be less inviting than it is now. Cheerful companionship is happiness. *Roch. Dem.*

Women of To-Day.

Mr. Gladstone is poor, but his wife has a large fortune, with which she is very generous.

Over 600 women have thus far registered in Boston, to vote for school officers at the next election.

The Queen of England keeps posted on the affairs of the world by being a diligent reader of the daily papers.

The Archduchess Marie Christine, in addition to her other accomplishments, occupies herself with wood-carving.

The naughty daughter of an English nobleman kills all the canary birds she can get at, by sticking pins in them.

George Eliot once had an offer of marriage from Herbert Spencer. She is now 59 years old and has earned $250,000 with her pen.

The English Ladies' Dress Association is paying a dividend of six per cent to its share-holders, and has a fair balance in the treasury.

The Princess Louise will illustrate the Marquis of Lorne's book of travels, which he will not complete until after his visit to the United States.

A Roman Countess, profoundly learned in the Greek and Latin languages, has just been elected a member of the Academy of Lincei in Rome.

The Gloucester Relief Association, for the benefit of fishermen's widows and orphans, has resumed its operations and up to the last meeting had afforded assistance to fifty families.

A Large Hotel.—Four million three hundred thousand dollars is a good deal to pay for a tavern, yet that sum was paid the other day for the Grand Hotel in Paris. This includes, of course, the shops and everything appertaining to the vast building (the hotel itself contains seventy handsome salons, some 600 chambers, with private dining-rooms, etc.,) which is one of the most valuable bits of property in that city. The hotel was built by a company, and has had a large patronage from the start, mainly from Americans, who are, as Europeans know, very apt to be liberal patrons. Nevertheless, the house, or, rather, the company, has not made money, much money as has been taken in. Up to two or three years ago it was currently reported that not a single dividend had been declared, and, as may be inferred, the stockholders have not liked it. During the exhibition year of 1867, and for some years after, the hotel got so wide a name for exorbitant charges as to deter many people from going there. The new proprietor will continue the establishment as a hotel, but if it pays him no better than it did its former owners he will regret his purchase.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Queen of Belgium, while in London, visited the Home for Lost Dogs at Battersea. The Queen is a great admirer of small dogs and carries one always which is arrayed in a coat the same color as her dress. Each time her dress is changed an attendant changes the dog's coat.

The Good Old Deacon.

The squibs uttered against New England deacons have little or no justification. If a tub of butter or a barrel of apples is made up of alternate layers of good and bad, it is said to be "deaconed." The epithet does not refer to the character of deacons, but an old practice of "deaconizing" a hymn.

Fifty or sixty years ago hymn books were not so common as they now are. Some churches owned only two books. It was then the custom for one of the deacons to read two lines of a hymn, which the congregation sung. Other lines were read and sung in the same way, until the hymn was sung through. As a class, deacons have been the most trusted and influential men of New England villages. If a man died leaving property and a family, the deacon was made one of the executors, and the guardian of the widow and the fatherless. If the neighbors had a dispute about property, they "left it out" to the deacon. Was a son wayward, the good deacon was as frequently as the good pastor asked to "talk" with him.

In the "Recollections" of an old gentleman, an anecdote is told which illustrates the character of at least one of the New England deacons of the olden time.

Elisha Hawley, of Ridgfield, Connecticut, was a soldier of the revolution and a deacon. He was a good man of business, but he never charged a purchaser one cent more than the article was worth. The Golden Rule was his rule of life. One day he learned that a widow had been reduced from a competence to poverty. He visited her. Fearing lest he might wound her feelings if he should offer money or charity, he said:

"Madam, I think I owed your late husband fifty dollars, and I have come to pay it to you as his legal representative."

"How is that?" asked the lady, somewhat startled.

"I will tell you. About twenty-five years ago, soon after you were married, I made furniture for your husband to the amount of $200. I have been looking over the account, and find that I rather overcharged him in the price of some chairs—that is, I could have afforded them at somewhat less. I have added up the interest, and here, madam, is the money."

The tears came in the widow's eyes; she half suspected the deacon had constructed the debt by willing that he had made an overcharge. What was she to do? the money was on the table and the deacon had left the house.

The Palace of Enriokwan.

The palace of Enriokwan—General Grant's home in Tokio—is a few minutes ride from the railway station. This palace was one of the houses of the tycoon. It now belongs to the emperor. If your ideas of palaces are European, or even American, you will be disappointed with Enriokwan. One somehow associates a palace with state, splendor, a profusion of color and decoration, with upholstery and marble. There is nothing of this in Enriokwan. You approach the grounds over a dusty road that runs by the side of a canal. The canal is sometimes in an oozing condition, and boats are held in the mud. You cross a bridge and enter a low gateway, and, going a few paces, enter another gateway. Here is a guardhouse, with soldiers on guard and lolling about on benches waiting for the bugle to summon them to offices of ceremony. There is a good deal of ceremony in Enriokwan, with the constant coming and going of great people, and no sound is more familiar than the sound of the bugle. You pass the guardhouse and go down a pebbled way to a low, one-story building, with wings. This is the palace of Enriokwan. Over the door is the crysanthemum, the emperor's special flower.

The main building is a series of reception rooms, in various styles of decoration, notably Japanese. There are eight different rooms in all, in any one of which you may receive your friends. General Grant uses the small room to the left of the hall as you enter. On ceremonial occasions he uses the main saloon, which extends one-half the length of the palace. Here a hundred people could be entertained with ease. This room is a beautiful specimen of Japanese decorative art, and you never become so familiar with it that there are not constant surprises in the way of color, or form, or design. Each of the rooms is decorated differently from the others. The apartments of General Grant and party are in one wing, the dining room, billiard room and the apartments of the Japanese officials in attendance in the other wing. Around the place is a veranda, with growing flowers in profusion and swinging lanterns. The beauty of the palace is not in its architecture, which is plain and inexpressive, but in the taste which marks the most minute detail of decoration and in the arrangement of the grounds.—*Letter to N. Y. Herald.*

Some Interesting Dates.—Post; offices were first established in 1644 - printed musical dates were first used in 1478; watches were first constructed in 1466; America was discovered in 1492; the printing-press was set up at Copenhagen in 1493; Copernicus announced his discovery of the true system of the universe in 1517; Albert Durer gave the world a prophecy of future wood engraving in 1527; Jergens set the spinning-wheel in motion in 1538, the germ of all the busy looms of ten thousand future factories; modern needles first came into use in 1545; the first knives were used in England, and the first wheeled carriages in France in 1559; the first newspaper was published in England in 1588; telescopes were invented in 1590; Spencer, Shakspeare, Bacon Kepler, and Tycho Brahe were contemporaries in 1590. These are some of the most important headlands of European history within a single century.

A widower had five grown daughters who wouldn't let him take a second wife. He gave up the wife but bought a savage dog, and now won't allow a man to cross his door-sill. If he can't marry, the girls shan't, he says. But the girls will give in, by and by. They can't stand that sort of thing for ever.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DAIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....NOV. 22, 1879

OUR CONGRESSMAN.

C. P. Berry, Congressman elect from this district, left for Washington last Thursday. While in San Francisco, he was interviewed by a reporter for the *Chronicle*, the result of which has been published in that paper. In regard to the leading questions of interest to his constituents, Mr. Berry showed himself to be well posted, and able to deal with them in a statesman-like manner. We are certain that the voters of the Third District will feel prouder than ever of their selection before the close of the next term of Congress, as we are confident that Mr. Berry will make one of the best representatives California has had in many a day.

From present appearances it looks as though Bayard will be at the head of the Democratic ticket in 1880.

A terrible storm occurred on the great lakes this week. Several lives were lost, and a number of boats sunk.

The merchants of Boston have appointed a committee to co-operate with other organizations in an effort to secure the enactment of a national bankrupt law.

Thirty Chinamen and two or three white men lost their lives on Monday last, by the explosion of gas in a tunnel of the Narrow Guage railroad, between San Jose and Santa Cruz.

The Atlanta *Constitution* says: America is the land of the free and the home of the brave, the asylum of the oppressed, and all the rest of the rigmarole, but she has no desire to become the pauper farm of the nations of the earth.

The investigation of the Kellogg-Spofford case in New Orleans, has developed some testimony this week that puts Kellogg in a worse light than ever. It is very evident that he is not entitled to the seat he is occupying in the U. S. Senate.

Representative Murch of Maine, Chairman of the Congressional Committee of the National Greenback Labor party, and E. F. Dewees, Chairman of the National Committee of the National party, have joined in a common call for a meeting and conference of the two Committees, in Washington, January 8th, to arrange for the Presidential campaign of next year.

The Supreme Court of the United States, composed mainly of Radicals in politics, has just pronounced another decission, in an Illinois railroad tax case, in which the old-fashioned doctrine of State Sovereignty is again affirmed. It is the statement of the Court, in substance, that "the decision of the State in this matter is not under the control of the Federal Constitution." The advocates of the "Nation" must now direct their batteries against the Supreme Court.

Here is a question that will bear a good deal of study: In opposing the idea of inflation the hard money men say that no matter how much you inflate the currency, the price of goods will advance in a corresponding ratio, and there will be no relief from the hard times. At the present time large sums of money are being brought to this country from Europe, and consequently our currency is becoming inflated. The price of goods of every kind is going up. Everybody is aware of the fact that the times are getting better every day. It seems to us that the theories of the hard money men do not stand practical illustration.

Night before last Mr. Coll Deane, a San Francisco Mining Broker, delivered a lecture on the subject of fraud in the management of mines. Denis Kearney had threatened to break up the meeting, and he was on hand to accomplish his purpose. Before the meeting was called to order, Kearney mounted a chair, and defied anybody to keep him from talking, using vulgar and profane language at the time. A few police officers immediately collared him and marched him off to the City Prison, the great leader of a great party acting like a cowardly, whipped cur, when he was arrested. We are sorry to say that he was let out on bail.

Some Democratic papers are putting the name of Governor Seymour at the masthead for 1880.

The Difference.

It is sometimes said that in the present contest between parties there is no difference between them in principle, and that all there is of politics is a strife as to which shall enjoy the honors and emoluments of office. This is an error, by whomsoever, indulged. The truth is, there has never been a time since the adoption of the Constitution when the dividing line between the two great parties contestant has been more marked than in our day. This difference resolves itself primarily in the view entertained by the Democratic and Republican parties respectively, of the Federal Constitution, and the rule of its interpretation. The particular phase in which the issue now presents itself, and which is assuming additional prominence from day by day, is the old controversy between local and popular sovereignty on the one hand, and nationalism on the other. When the leaders of the Republican party affirm, as they all now do, that "we are a nation," what do they mean by it? That we are a nation for national purposes no one disputes. The Democrats North and South, East and West, are as free to concede this as their opponents. That secession, the right of a State to withdraw from the Union, has any foothold upon popular sentiment, or is cherished by any man who has any claim to statesmanship, there is no substantial ground for affirming. Those who assert the contrary do it either from ignorance or from a design to arouse passion or prejudice for ignorable ends. The South, which prior to the war held to that doctrine, has entirely abandoned it, and admits that the arbitrament of arms settled the controversy on that subject against it, fully and finally. Hence the significance of the phrase, "the lost cause." The kindred doctrine of nullification is in the same category. An Act of Congress duly passed in pursuance of the Constitution, is by Democrats held to be as obligatory upon the people and upon the public concience as by the Republicans. Wherein, then, does the difference consist? Where is the dividing line? Simply, as before stated, as to what the Constitution authorizes, and where the power embodied in a given Act of Congress is to be found.

The Democrats hold to-day, as did their fathers in Jefferson's time, that the Federal Government while supreme, and therefore a nation, so long as it acts within its sphere, is nevertheless one of limited powers, and that these must be found in an express grant, or be fairly or reasonably deducible from the letter of that instrument. The Republican doctrine of our times is precisely that of the old Hamiltonian Federal party, to-wit: that the National Government has the power to pass any law and perform any act unless the Constitution forbids, and in determining the question of authority a broad and liberal interpretation is the true rule as opposed to a strict construction of the fundamental law. When Mr. Blaine in Maine or elsewhere, or the President, as he has recently done at the West, affirms "we are a nation," they mean to assert unlimited power of the Federal Government on all subjects unless the Constitution interposes a bar. When, on the other hand, Democrats claim in behalf of the States and the people that the war did not extinguish their rightful jurisdiction over local affairs they place themselves in a necessary antagonism to their opponents, arising from their view of the nation as defined by the Federal Constitution. From this statement it will be seen that the general policy of the two parties must differ materially from each other, although on one particular question the distinctive line may not be always discernible by the casual observer. It is obvious also that there may be an honest difference of opinion as to which of the two views is the correct one. In claiming for the Democratic party the vantage-ground, the fact cannot be ignored that many differ from them in principle, and that they are not without precedent and example to guide them. There has always been this conflict of opinion, as the history of parties and of judicial decisions fully attests. But what is serious cause for criticism and complaint is the constant perversion by our opponents of the true theory of the Democratic party as regards national and State rights. For this reason it is needful to caution readers, especially young men, against taking the interpretation of the Democratic creed from mere partisan orators and journals. Every political party, or religious denomination, has a right to expound its own creed, and to be judged by its own interpretation thereof.—Boston Post.

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Notice to Land Owners.

There will be a meeting of the Land Owners of Reclamation District No. 108, held at the office of the District in the town of Knight's Landing, on Saturday, the 6th day of December 1879, at 10 o'clock A. M. for the purpose of selecting a person to serve as trustee, to fill the vacancy occasioned by the resignation of Louis A. Garnett.

By order of the Board of Trustees of Reclamation District No. 108. A. H. ROSE, President.

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NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT in pursuance of an order of the County Court of the County of Yolo; State of California, made and entered on the 1st day of November, A. D. 1879, in the matter of PETER LAUNER, an insolvent debtor, vs. His Creditors, I will,

On Saturday, the 29th day of November, A. D. 1879, at Ten (10) o'clock A. M. of that day, sell at public auction, at the residence of said Peter Launer, in Cottonwood Township, in said Yolo county, to the highest and best bidder, for cash, the following described property to-wit: 1 Header, 1 Header Wagon, 1 Two-horse Wagon, 2 Horses, 1 Cow, 1 Heifer, 1 Steer, 2 Pigs, 3 Tons of Hay.

C. BARNEY,
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CACHEVILLE	J. Safford.
MADISON	S. Holton.
LANGVILLE	J. Pierce.
CAPAY	C. N. Palmer.
DUNNIGAN	T. Kennedy.
DAVISVILLE	Miss Nette Marden.
ORCHESTRA	W. B. Treadwell.
BAND	E. Ellis.

GOOD TIME COMING!

Everything Going Up!

An Advance All Along the Line.

TIME
TAKEN BY THE FORELOCK
—BY—
CULVER.

As the prices of all kinds of goods are advancing, and are liable to be on the rise for some time, I would state to the people of Woodland and Yolo county, that having laid in an immense stock of goods before the rise took place, I am prepared to give low prices on all my goods. In the line of

GROCERIES

I have as fine a stock as was ever brought to this county. My line of

CROCKERY

is very complete, consisting of all the latest novelties in MAJOLICA WARE and my stock of WOOD and WILLOW ware, etc., connot be surpassed.

Inviting each and every one to call and examine prices, I remain

Respectfully,

C. B. CULVER.

MILLINERY.

MRS. FITZGERALD.

FASHIONABLE MILLINRY STORE.

COR. MAIN AND FIRST STREETS, WINTERS.

Has lately returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of all the latest styles, which she will sell very cheap. She invites every one to call and examine her goods

WOODLAND STANDARD.

Issued at Woodland, Yolo county, every Saturday

BY DWIGHT L. HACKETT,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

One Year—in advance.....$2 00
Six Months.....1 00

LOCAL INTELLIGENCE.

The County Jail has twenty-four inmates.

Go to Beach's Job office for your fancy printing.

The "Library Socials," so popular last Winter, ought to be revived.

The Turners announce that they will give a grand ball on New Years Eve.

Notice to land owners of Reclamation District No. 108 in to-days issue.

There will be a special meeting of Woodland Lodge, No. 156, F. & A. M. to-night. A full attendance is desired.

The Fire Company have received 500 feet of new carbolized rubber hose. As soon as the new water main is in order the hose will be tested.

Woodland people could not complain of a dearth of amusements this week. We have had as many as three entertainments in one evening.

There will be Episcopal Services at the Advent Church. Rev. Thos. Smith officiating, to-morrow, Sunday, at 11 o'clock. All are invited.

Hudson Grant has been appointed a Notary Public by Gov. Irwin, to reside in Woodland. Also F. E. Baker and J. C. Ball have been reappointed as Notaries.

Dr. Peebles' course of lectures, which closed last night have not been very well attended. A sleight-of-hand performance, accompanied by a distribution of gifts, proves to be a greater attraction.

The time of the County Court has been occupied this week with the case of Dresbach vs. His Creditors. Messrs. Armstrong, Carey and Ball appear for the contestants, while Messrs. Edgerton and Catlin represent Mr. Dresbach.

Prof. Taylor has played to crowded houses this week at Washington Hall. Prof. Taylor's performances were first-class, and the low price of admission, with the distribution of presents sufficed to fill the houses every night.

Mrs. Mirasole is making a success of her dancing school. The attendance was better on Wednesday night than on any previous evening. We understand that a soiree will be given on next Wednesday evening, to which all are invited.

Price and Small have dissolved partnership in the management of the Craft Hotel. The business will hereafter be conducted by Mr. Small. Mr. Price has made a large number of friends since he has been in Woodland, and we hope he will give up his idea of leaving our town, and stay with us.

Our friend E. L. Craft, left Woodland last week for San Francisco, where he has entered Heald's Business College. As the young men of Woodland are in the habit of standing among the first at the San Francisco institutions of learning, we shall expect to hear soon that Ev. has received his diploma, and is occupying a lucrative position.

ATTENTION LADIES.—A special invitation is extended to the ladies to call at the milinery room, of Mrs. P. A. Callihan, 173 J street, and examine the new styles of hats—just arrived and pronounced the handsomest, neatest and most stylish ever brought to that city.

A. Nickelsburg & Bro. are selling off some of their goods very cheap to make room for a large stock of holiday goods to arrive in two weeks. They are selling fine diagonal suits, made to their order in New York, the latest style, for $25, and other goods in proportion. Give them a call.

There will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 11th of Jannary, visible to the western quarter of North America, the Pacific ocean and the extreme northern edge of Australia, being central and total along a line distant twenty miles south of and parallel to a line drawn through Monterey City, Mariposa and Salt Lake City.

E. S. Howard, son of S. A. Howard, returned home last week from San Francisco, where he has just finished a course at Heald's Business College. Ed. passed a splendid examination, standing at the head of his class. We understand that he has been offered a position as book-keeper of a large firm at the Bay.

We had a pleasant call on Wednesday last from Rev. D. F. Howell the Baptist minister who has recently located in our town. He will hold regular services every Sunday morning and evening at Washington Hall. To-morrow the theme for the morning services will be "Covetousness." In the evening at 7 o'clock, "Some of the Causes of Infidelity."

OUR ENGINE COMPANY.—The Woodland Fire Department have received 500 feet of new hose and if they now had a sufficient supply of water and another hose cart Woodland would have as good or a better Fire Company than any town of like size in the State. It is true that the engine is large, and rather hard to pull through our streets when the mud is several inches deep, but when she gets steam up she can do very effiectual work at a fire. What the Fire Company needs more than anything else is an engine house. The present one is barely large enough to contain the engine and hose cart, and when the company have a meeting they are compelled to use the Justice Court. We are of the opinion that it would be economy for the Town to put up a suitable building for the accommodation of the Fire Company.

District Court—Denson, J.

Nov. 17th—Hesperian College vs. Knox—Default entered and judgment rendered for plaintiff.

Bank of Woodland vs. Patrick Casey—Judgment for plaintiff.

C. Greiner vs. J. Greiner et al—Demurrer overruled. Defendant, Bank of Woodland, allowed ten days to amend answer.

McHenry vs. Keithley—Order of dismissal as per remittur.

Nora Brown vs. Richard Brown—Degree of divorce granted to plaintiff,

Reclamation District No. 108 vs. Sac. Valley Reclamation Co. No. 91. Same vs. J. F. Mason, same vs. Z. J. Brown, same vs. A. H. Rose, same vs. H. H. Burr, same vs. Fred. Bonegman. Defaults entered. Judgment for plaintiff.

Baker & Hamilton vs. H. H. Meador et al—Continued for the term.

Reclamation District No. 108 vs. W. J. Clark. Demurrer overruled. 30 days to answer.

Nov. 18th. Hunt vs. Hunt—Decree of divorce granted.

Reifenrath vs. James Moore—Decree entered in accordance with the report of Surveyor.

Marshall vs. Carey—Motion for new trial dismissed.

Carey vs. Marshall—Case dismissed on motion of plaintiff without prejudice.

Williams et al. vs. Alex. Montgomery—Judgment for plaintiff in the sum of $314. Twenty days' time allowed defendant.

Freeman vs. Lauener—Case tried and submitted and taken under advisement.

Palmer vs. Barney—Fifteen days stay of proceedings, twenty days additional time to file motion for new trial, etc,

Harlan vs. Ely—Judgment entered for plaintiff. Twenty days allowed defendant to serve and file motion for new trial.

Court adjourned till December 22d, 1 P.M.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Last Monday Governor Irwin issued his proclamation appointing a day of thanksgiving as follows:

In harmony with the proclamation of the President of the United States, designating a day of national thanksgiving and prayer, and in pursuance of a custom generally, if not universally, observed by the Executives of the States of the American Union, as well as in response to the religious emotions and impulses of a Christian people, who recognize their dependence on Almighty God for all the blessings they enjoy, I, William Irwin, Governor of the State of California, do hereby appoint Thursday, the 27th day of November, 1879, to be observed by the people of said State, as a day of thanksgiving and praise to Almighty God. The past year has been one of much material prosperity; the laws have been impartially enforced and order strictly maintained and the people have enjoyed the inestimable blessings of civil and religious liberty. I, therefore, most earnestly call on them to meet, on the day above designated, in their accustomed places of public worship, and render to the Giver of all Good, devout thanks for the many blessings He has bestowed on us as individuals and as a people.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto set my hand, and caused the Great Seal of the State to be affixed, at the city of Sacramento, California, this 15th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1879.

WILLIAM IRWIN, Governor.

A Good Idea.

There are in Woodland at the present time, a number of poor people who would be actual sufferers for the necessaries of life if it were not for the deeds of charity performed by the Ladies Relief Society. This Society was organized by the ladies of Woodland for the purpose of helping the needy, and right nobly have they performed their work. At present they are caring for a number of families, but unless their treasury is replenished from some source, before the winter is over they will be powerless to do any good. It has been proposed that "The Sorcerer," a comic opera by the authors of "Pinafore" be gotten up by our local singers for the benefit of the Relief Society, and we hear that the necessary expenses have been guaranteed by our business men, and that this opera will be given some time during the winter. The stage in Central Hall will be fitted with new scenery painted especially for this piece and the opera will be presented under the management of W. B. Treadwell, who has kindly volunteered. The plot of the "Sorcerer" is a very amusing one, and the music is thought by some to be even better than "Pinafore." As the presentation is for a worthy object, it ought to receive the approval of the entire community.

Winters Items.

The late rains did much to arouse every farmer to be on the alert and doing, and we have never seen so much belief by farmers in future rains on any previous occasion.

The V. V. and Clear Lake Railroad makes this part of the county lively by carrying down large quantities of wheat and gravel; while a surveying party is now busily at work in the foothills, with a view to extending the road into Berryessa valley.

The Christian Church is holding an interesting meeting at this place. Eld. Logan is officiating as minister.

Our community feel greatly the loss of our old and prominent citizen, John Devilbiss, a man noted for his kindness to everyone.

Mr. A. E. Briggs, of grape notoriety, has bought a large dryer, and is drying his raisins, despite the rains.

MARRIED.

At residence of the bride's parents, near Woodland, Sunday, Nov. 16th, 1879; by Rev. D. F. Howell, A. B. Sears and Miss Augusta F. Ruggles.

With the above notice, came a bountiful supply of good things from the festal board, which were highly enjoyed by the force of the STANDARD, who are unanimous in the wish that the life of the happy couple may be long, and each succeeding year more joyful than the one that precedes it.

A RIVAL ROAD.

NEW YORK, November 21st.—The *Sun* says: The recent rise in the shares of the St. Louis and San Francisco Railway Company, and their firmness during the prevailing depression of the market, have now been ascertained to result from a combination of the company with the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad Company for the purpose of extending the St. Louis and San Francisco road under the name of the Atlantic and Pacific to San Francisco, with a branch to the town of San Diego. The agreement for this purpose has been ratified by the Board of Directors of both companies, and duly signed and delivered. The equipment of locomotives, cars and steel rails for the first 200 miles of line have already been bought and construction will commence immediately. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Company has its grading finished to the Rio Grandenow, and the rails will all be laid by the 1st of December. The new road commences at the Rio Grande, and will be pushed directly to the Pacific Ocean. No delay will occur, the money having all been raised and the surveys completed. As the St. Louis and San Francisco Company incurs no new obligations, and acquires a half interest in the new railroad of 1100 miles, the long rise in the stock is easily understood. Gould tried to buy the controlling interest, but failed, and is now said to be endeavoring to break the market so that he can accomplish his purpose. Very little stock however has been offered that has not been promptly taken. Parties well acquainted with the country say there are 400 miles of fine timber lands exactly in the middle of the route from the Rio Grande to San Francisco, and that for over 300 miles it lies through continual coal-fields. According to Bell's, Whipple's and other reports the entire country through which the roads passes in much superior to that traversed by either the Northern Pacific, Central and Union Pacific or Southern Pacific Roads. It contains timber, coal and gold and silver ores in abundance, and fine grazing land for cattle. The line to the Pacific Ocean is short and free from extreme cold. No snow-sheds will be required, thus saving an immense outlay. Added to these advantages there are land grants, 4,000,000 acres of which can at once be put on the market. Another great advantage of the proposed route is that it avoids for the present the Indian Territory and will not have to wait for the Territory to be opened by Congress. At some future day, if a line through the Territory should be required, it can be built from the West at much less expense than it would if it were now built from the East.

Gorham Must Go!

The penalty of vaulting ambition is hot foot after George "Coolie" Gorham. His great and unpardonable offence was his conduct during the last election campaign in this State. The *Record-Union* has all the time maintained that the Radical organization and the Railroad Company in California are identical. Gorham took precisely the same view of the case, and therefore he fought the Railroad by opposing the election of Governor Perkins. For having done so he is now ostracized by the party, and the radical State Committee have remonstrated against the continuance of his membership in the National Committee. They ask the other members of that chief council of their party in the Union to expel him from it. Doubtless the request or demand will be complied with—and where will Gorham fly for refuge? It is a family row and the funeral will not be for Democrats to attend as mourners or acquaintances. But those who superintend the burial should be very careful to see the remains very deep in the earth, lest the corpse should reappear to fright them from their propriety at the critical moment to their cause next year, and prove so lively as to spoil their calculations for the campaign. Gorham is an ingrained conspirator and marplot, and the train he cannot run he will most likely then plot to wreck.—[Examiner.

Views of Senator Bayard.

Since his return from Europe, Senator Bayard has been industriously interviewed. To a representative of the Philadelphia *Record* he said: "The Republican party should be disqualified because of its sectionalism. A man who hates one part of the country is not fit to be President over all of it. And yet this qualification is the essential one for the Republican candidate. It has been settled beyond all doubt that this is to be a Union of States, indissoluble and whole. Then why should the North be educated to look upon the South with dishonor and distrust, and regard her people as cutthroats and murderers? The result of this will be that the South will become like a festering sore in the side of a great body. Its condition will be akin to that of Ireland in her relations with England, and that great country will become a curse instead of a blessing, as it should be. Were this the case with any other country on the face of the globe, the wise men of the Republican party would soon suggest some measure for making the interest of the two sections identical; but here it is political capital to traduce people who are their own flesh and blood. Look at what Austria has done for Hungary. Some of the best Generals of the Austrian army are Hungarians, and the very men who were exiled with Kossuth were given positions of honor. This thing is carried too far and even enters West Point. Were many of the affairs which occur in the South and are denominated outrages, to take place in Massachusetts or any of the New England States, the penalty of the law would soon be inflicted upon the guilty parties instead of their being made heroes. I will cite an instance of a man who was Sheriff of Yazoo county, Miss., and who, as you say, was stumping Pennsylvania for the Republicans in the recent campaign. He shot and killed his rival Republican candidate so as to get his office, and was released from jail by Governor Ames. When order was restored in the State a true bill was found against this person for murder, but he has kept out of Mississippi since then."

How ephemeral is political fame, exclaims the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Among the thousands who figured in their day as Senators and Representatives in Congress, the name of but few are familar to the present generation. Clay, Webster and Calhoun made an impress on the history of their country which, perhaps, will never be forgotten. The class of statesmen standing next to them in point of ability are even now almost faded out of the public mind. John Forsyth, of Georgia, was one of the most accomplished off-hand debaters that ever appeared in the United States Senate; yet how few of the 45,000,000 of people now dwelling in this land of ours know that such a man ever lived. William C. Preston, of South Carolina, was an orator of great power and a Senator who reflected honor on his State. After his death how soon was he forgotten. Webster's reply to Robert Y. Hayne is likely to keep his (Hayne's) memory fresh in the mind of the reader. Otherwise he would have been lost to the recollection of posterity; yet he was one of the brilliant men of his day. William T. Barry, of Kentucky, was one of the most eloquent of men, and played a conspicuous part in the politics of his State. It is safe to say that a large majority of the present voters are not apprized of the fact. Felix Grundy, of Tennesssee, was noted for his eloquence at bar and in the halls of Congress. It is only the political student or the survivors of the era in which he cut his most prominent figure who know anything about him. Maryland kept Gen. Sam Smith in Congress thirty-nine years, and we venture to say that thousands of the politicians of the present day never heard of him. The same may be said of Nathaniel Macon, of North Carolina, who represented that State in Congress thirty-seven years. One might go on and specify a score of others, equally talented and influential in their day and generation, who are but seldom thought of beyond the precincts of their blood relations. If such should be the fate of these distinguished politicians, what is to become of the men who are now strutting on the political stage? A large majority of them will not be remembered five years after they have been consigned to private life. Such is political fame.

An Eastern Oregon paper relates an incident in Baker City which was of exasperating nature to at least one of the parties involved. A divorce suit is pending between a couple in that place, and the husband, on the lookout for another helpmate sought to ingratiate himself with the fair sex by offering a handsome prize to the lady who should be voted the most worthy by the largest number of respectable citizens. To his consternation the ballots showed that his wife—separated from him, but not yet divorced—was the favorite, by a large majority.

COMMENCING AUGUST 1ST.

THE FINAL CALL!

LAST CHANCE FOR WOODLAND.

KING

GOES OUT OF THE BUSINESS.

NOTICE.

Possibly you may get some one better in his stead, but probably not.

FOR A SHORT TIME:

Card Photos,.....$1.50 per doz.
Cabinets,.....3.50 per doz.

BABIES IN ARMS POSITIVELY NOT ADMITTED.

I want to sell my entire fit-out of Gallery, Negatives, etc., etc. Going exclusively into viewing, and Copying, Enlarging and Painting. Shall still keep my headquarters at Woodland, giving up gallery work. I know there are many of my friends who would like to take the advantage before I give up the business—some who appreciate a good picture and know one when they get it. Money is pretty tight, so we'll compromise and give all a fair show. So look to it.

Gallery Positively NOT Open on Sundays.

J. W. KING, Photo.

P. S.—My View Wagon is at all times in readiness to make trips to any part of the county. Views of residences, etc., at reduced rates, and warranted superior do anything of the sort ever done in the country. Now is your time. See to it. KING, Photo.

C. B. CULVER,

Dealer in

STAPLE AND FANCY

GROCERIES,

PROVISIONS,

WOOD AND WILLOW

WARE,

CROCKERY, TOBACCO, Etc., Etc.

EXCELSIOR BLOCK, Main, St., Woodland.

sep27-tf.

JUAN MARIA OTAGO. THOS. MC LEOD

OTAGO & MC'LEOD.

Main Street, Winters.

BLACKSMITHING

—AND—

WAGON WORK.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

OCCIDENTAL HOTEL,

CORNER ABBY AND RAILROAD STREETS, WINTERS.

D. P. EDWARDS, Proprietor.

HAVING TAKEN POSSESSION OF THIS FAvorite Hotel, I am now prepared to offer to the resident and traveling public

FIRST CLASS BOARD,

Large and Well Furnished Rooms

By the Day or Week.

THE TABLE

Will at all times be supplied with the best the Market Affords.

Great Bargains

—IN—

F-U-R-N-I-T-U-R-E-

Mattresses, Etc.

Patent Adjustable Easy Chair.

Stock and prices low enough for the multitude.

W. D. COMSTOCK,

5th & K St., Sacramento, Cal.

my10-3m

SOMETHING NEW.

—A First-Class—

JOB PRINTING

OFFICE.

Having leased the Job Department of the "Woodland Standard" I respectfully announce to the public that I am now prepared to do all kinds of Job Printing with neatness and dispatch.

BILL HEADS,
LETTER HEADS,
STATEMENTS,
VISITING CARDS,
BUSINESS CARDS,
PROGRAMMES, Etc., Etc

All discriptions of Job Work at San Francisco prices.

EXCELSIOR BLOCK.....Main St. Woodland

F. W. BEACH, Prop'r.

The Garret Next to Mine.

I once had money—long ago,
When younger far and spryer,
But as my funds became more low
My dwelling mounted higher,
Till in a garret now I sigh,
But still I don't repine;
The reason is, 'tween you and I,
There's a garret next to mine.

And in that garret, happy thought,
A maiden fair resides,
Whose smiles by me are far more sought
Than all the world besides;
I'd rather taste her ruddy lips
Than choicest ruddy wine;
I often do as past she trips
To the garret next to mine.

Whe each day's toil and turmoil stops,
And ev'n my labors cease,
I sit here 'midst the chimney-tops,
And smoke the pipe of peace;
Then in a gentle voice she sings
The songs of "Auld Lang Syne"—
Old, happy memories it brings
To the garret next to mine.

And then the pleasing music stops
That lightened up the place,
And out among the chimney-tops
She peeps her laughing face,
To bid the roses all good night
That round her window twine.
Ah! there's a rosebud far more bright
In the garret next to mine.

—*Henry Gordon.*

How a Letter Went Wrong.

We were preparing ourselves for a cosy read around the fire, feeling all the more the glowing comfort of our little sitting-room as we listened to the crisp sound of the footsteps on the snow-covered and frosty pavement without.

My brother James had divested himself of his thick winter boots, and was enjoying the luxury of slippered feet tilted on a level with his head "a la Yankee."

We lived in a small town in Canada at this time, and, having come from the South, we were peculiarly sensitive to cold, which may in part excuse the selfish conduct of my brother regarding an incident of which I am about to write.

The English mail had come in that evening, and James was opening some newspapers.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed, "what's this? A letter wrapped up in the newspaper, addressed to Miss Roberts, Burton Hall, Burtonville, Yorkshire, England. A penny stamp and the London postmark. How on earth did it get here? The writing is not familiar, so it cannot have been written by any of our friends."

We all looked at the letter and expressed our astonishment at the strange accident. We had no friends in London, England, and all we could surmise was that the letter must have got jammed into the newspaper during some period of their transportation in the mail bag.

It is scarcely necessary to remark that our curiosity was aroused as to the sender, the contents of this mysterious letter, and the owner who had so strangely missed receiving it. But daughters of Eve though we were, Fanny and I, our honor bade us content ourselves with a scrutiny of the exterior only.

"James, dear, you must remail this letter at once. You know the servants have gone to a party, and there's no one to send," said Fanny, who was the oldest and most thoughtful member of the family.

"Oh, I'll take it in the morning, sis; it will do just as well. I really have not sufficient magnanimity of soul to dress and go out again this bitter night to mail a stray letter that, I dare say, has nothing in it but such nonsense as 'Your eyes are red, your cheeks are blue; sugar is sweet and so are you.'"

"For shame, you wicked boy!" I cried.

Being young and very romantic, I had given as my conviction that it must be a love letter. I cannot vouch for my nose, but my eyes were no doubt experienced in such matters, and I fancied I could detect not only a faint sweet odor about the missive, but that the letters in the superscription had a trembly and expectant appearance.

"Poor fellow," I remarked, "I dare say by this time he is despairing of getting any reply to his letter."

"Goosey," laughed my brother, "he will have to despair a few hours longer. He will rejoice all the more when he gets his answer at last. Seriously, my dears, I don't see that I need go to such great inconvenience, when to-morrow will do as well. If it must be so, then let me take care of the letter, that it may not be forgotten."

"I wish my throat was not so sore, and Belle and I could take it to the postoffice ourselves; it would go by the early mail in the morning." Saying which, Fanny placed the letter in her writing desk. "Do you know, dears," she continued, "I think I shall have to abandon you and my corner by the fire and go to bed. I feel very queer about the head, but I suppose sleep will cure me, and I shall be all right in the morning."

But poor Fanny was not all right in the morning, nor for very many mornings. She was attacked with a dangerous fever, and at times the life of our sister was despaired of.

When the spring came she was only beginning to be convalescent. The summer passed, and still she had not regained her accustomed strength. We feared that she would not, in her weak state, be able to survive the severity of another Canadian winter.

It was finally decided that she should go south and spend the winter with an uncle who lived in Florida; but she could not bear the idea of taking the long journey alone, or with only a servant to accompany her, and I was obliged to remain in Canada to keep house for our brother, who was in business.

We were thinking of advertising for a traveling companion, and mentioned our intention to a lady who was calling on us one day.

"Oh, don't do that," she said; "I can recommend a very nice young lady to you—a Miss Roberts. She is Mrs. Carter's niece, just out from England. She wished a situation as governess, but I have no doubt she would be glad to accompany Fanny to Florida."

Miss Roberts was introduced to us, and we fell in love with her at once—such a sweet creature, and so pretty. Her face had rather a sad expression, but in conversation she was bright and cheerful.

She seemed to take as great fancy to Fanny and me as we did to her, and gladly accepted our proposition that she should go south with my sister, remain the winter, and return with her to Canada in the spring.

Accordingly, one beautiful morning early in September, Fanny and Miss Roberts set out on their travels.

The climate of Florida agreed with Fanny, and she soon began to recover.

"Looking at the crazy state of these things, Helen, you would never imagine that I used to be one of the most methodical of women," said Fanny one day to Miss Roberts, who was seated near her engaged with some fancy work, whilst my sister was turning over the contents of her writing desk. "But that," she continued, "was before my illness; since then I have not had the same energy, even to attend to such little matters as these; but now that I am feeling so much better, I'm going to begin and tidy up my things at once. First and foremost, I will sort these letters."

And Fanny began tearing up some, and putting others in little packages.

She had nearly completed the sorting of her desk, when she came to a letter which, merely glancing at, she handed to Miss Roberts, saying:

"Why, my dear, there's one belonging to you. I wonder how it got in here?—by mistake, I suppose."

As Helena took the letter and looked at the address her heart gave one great throb, then seemed to stop beating. She turned deathly white, and, leaning back in her chair, apparently unable to open the letter, she murmured:

"Good heavens! what is this?"

"Helena, my dear girl, what's the matter?" cried Fanny, springing to the side of her friend. Are you ill?"

"The letter—where did it come from?" asked Helena, faintly.

Fanny had rung the bell for a glass of wine, and was bathing Helena's temples with water. As the latter spoke, my sister took the letter gently from her, and looked at it again. This time she read the full address: "Miss Roberts, Burton Hall, Burtonville, Yorkshire, England."

It all rushed back to her memory—the cold winter night in Canada—the little group around the fire—the letter in the newspaper.

"Oh! my dear Helena!" she exclaimed, "we can never forgive ourselves! Tell me—tell me—has it caused you unhappiness not receiving this letter?"

Helena had by this time recovered sufficiently to read the letter, but she was as though in a dream. It seemed a lifetime since it had been written—so much had happened to change her life.

Fanny told how we had got the letter—how she had put it away in her desk herself, intending to have it mailed the next morning, and how her severe illness, coming so soon, had driven all thought of everything but herself out of our heads, and so the letter had been completely forgotten.

"I have thought, dear," said Fanny, "that your name seemed familiar, but as we used to know a clergyman's family of the same name, I supposed it was that which reminded us of it.

Then Helena related the story of the letter.

"Two years ago,' she began, "I came out in society. My father was not rich, but I have an aunt who is wealthy and childless, and who, having taken a great fancy to me, determined to introduce me to the world of fashion. In due time I was presented at court, and enjoyed the intoxicating pleasure of being one of the belles of a London season. As my aunt was a very worldly woman, and I was a weak, silly girl, she exercised over me an influence that was very harmful. I was proud of the adoration with which I was generally regarded by the gentlemen whom I met. Men of the highest rank and fashion accorded to me a sovereignty which I soon grew to expect as my right. I was currently supposed to be my aunt's heiress, so my beauty—sadly faded within the last two years, my dear—was not the only magnet which drew would-be husbands to my feet. I coquetted with all, but cared for none of them; their admiration was fulsome, their homage servile. I felt that it was not so much myself as my aunt's wealth, that most of them worshiped.

"Silly girl though I was, there was one who could draw me out of myself into his own world, a world where self did not reign paramount—a world peopled with beautiful thoughts and noble aspirations. Hugh Brereton was a poet, poor, just beginning to be known; but, being of good family, my aunt invited him to her literary receptions. We grew to love each other, but the knowledge of his poverty deterred him from revealing his feelings until he discovered that his love was returned, and that not only his happiness, but my own, was at stake.

"A sudden illness caused my aunt to break up her town establishment before the season had ended, and retire to an estate she owned in Yorkshire. Almost the last words Hugh Brereton spoke as he wished me good-bye the day we left London, were, 'May I write to you, Helena?'

"It was the first time he had called me by my Christian name, and although I had felt that he loved me, he had not yet asked me become his wife. My heart throbbed with joy, and my face flushed as I answered, 'Yes.' I knew what the letter would contain to-day; I have read it for the first time; and now you may read it, too, Fanny."

My sister took the letter, which read as follows:

"My own Dear Helena—Have I read your heart aright, and may I in deed call you my own? It seems presumption to hope for such great happiness. Write me, if only one short line, at once, darling; tell me that I may some day call you my wife.

"Hugh Brereton."

"When the letter never came," continued Helena, "my heart grew sick. I thought, perhaps, he had stopped to trifle with me, to punish me for trifling with others. I ought to have known his noble nature better than to think so.

"Well, I waited week after week for the letter which never came; then I saw that he had gone to America. became restless and capricious, quarreled with my aunt and finally returned home. My father died soon after, and I was left penniless. I had changed much, during my quiet residence at home, and I dreaded to return to my aunt's gay world, although she kindly invited me to do so. At the risk of offending her, I refused, and came to Canada, to my mother's sister, hoping to gain a position as governess, and so be independent. You know the rest."

Fanny cried bitterly, to think of the unhappiness our neglect had caused.

"We can never sufficiently atone, darling, for our neglect," said she, "but you must be our sister, and always live with us, and we will try to make your life as happy as possible."

Fanny and Helena had returned from the South some weeks, and were out in the woods one day gathering May flowers. I was at home, keeping house, when some visitors were announced—Helena's aunt, Mrs. Carter, and Mr. Hugh Brereton. I gave a little shriek and rushed to meet them.

He asked for Helena, but I told him where she had gone, and that it would be impossible to find her, but that she would not be gone long.

Mr. Brereton then repeated to me the story that he had already related to Mrs. Carter; how he had waited weeks for an answer to the letter he had written to Helena, thinking at first that perhaps her aunt's illness had prevented her writing. Then he had grown doubtful, coming to the wretched conclusion that she had coquetted with him as she had with others. He had loitered aimlessly in London for three months, then came to America.

Returning to England, he had again met Helena's aunt, discovered accidentally, but beyond a doubt, that his letter had not been received; his hopes revived, and learning of Helena's whereabouts, he had lost no time in finding her.

I nearly danced for joy, and kept running to the gate every minute to look for the girls. There they were, at last, and I ran to meet them. Out of breath, I managed to exclaim:

"Please go through the lilac walk, Helena, some one is waiting to speak to you, there."

Then I dragged Fanny into the house, and sent Mr. Brereton to meet Helena. She came walking rather quickly carrying a basket of May flowers. As she suddenly recognized her lover, the flowers fell at her feet.

"My darling!" he cried. "I have come for an answer to my letter."

After a while I went to call them to tea.

"What a pretty flower path you have made, Helena," I remarked, seeing the flowers which she had trailed with her dress from the fallen heap to where they sat.

"A good omen! Don't you think so, Miss Ferris?" asked Mr. Brereton.

"Yes, indeed I do," answered I. "A path of May flowers is better than one of roses, for these stout little darlings have no thorns."

A Cunning Expedient.

There is a fable among the Hindoos that a thief, having been detected and condemned to die, happily hit on an expedient which gave him hope of life. He sent for his jailor and told him a secret of great importance which he desired him to impart to the king, and when this had been done he would be prepared to die. After receiving this piece of intelligence, the king ordered the culprit to be conducted to his presence, and demanded of him to know his secret. The culprit replied that he knew the secret of causing a tree to grow which would bear fruit of pure gold. The experiment might be easily tried, and his majesty would not lose the opportunity. The king, accompanied by his prime minister, his courtiers and his chief priest, went with the thief to a spot selected near the city wall, where the latter performed a series of solemn incantations. This done, the condemned man produced a piece of gold, and declared that if it should be planted, it would produce a tree, every branch of which would bear gold.

"But," he added, "this must be put into the ground by a hand that has never been stained by a dishonest act. My hand is not clean; therefore I pass it to your majesty."

The king took the piece of gold, but hesitated. Finally he said:

"I remember, in my younger days, that I often filched money from my father's treasury which was not mine. I have repented of the sin, but yet I hardly dare to say my hand is clean. I pass it to my prime minister."

The prime minister, after a brief consideration, answered:

"It were a pity to break the charm through a possible blunder. I receive taxes from the people, and, as I am exposed to a great many temptations, how can I be sure that I have been always perfectly honest? I must give it to the governor of the citadel."

"No, no!" cried the governor, drawing back. "Remember that I have the serving out of pay and provisions to the soldiers. Get the high priest to plant it."

The priest said:

"You forget that I have the collecting of tithes; and the disbursements for sacrifices."

The thief exclaimed at length:

"Your majesty, I think it were better for society that all five of us should be hanged, since it appears that not an honest man can be found among any of us."

In spite of the lamentable exposure, the king laughed; and so pleased was he with the thief's cunning expedient that he at once granted him a pardon.

The little girl who was disappointed because her name could not be found in the Bible, says: "Never mind! She will be such a good girl that if ever another Bible be written, her name shall go into that."

About Dreams.

A dream cometh of multitude of business, says Holy Writ. Consequently we find such dreams connecting the dreamer, sensitive to his name and credit, with persons and domestic scenes quite removed from his absorbing occupations. Such were Laud's dreams. Sleep sometimes transports him from the anxious present into the serene past of an humble home. "In the night I dreamed that my mother, long since dead, stood by my bed, and drawing aside the clothes a little, looked pleasantly upon me." "At night I dreamed that my father, who died forty-six years ago, came to me, and to my thinking he was as well and cheerful as ever I saw him. After some speech, I asked him how long he would stay with me. He answered he would stay until he had me away with him." The cares of authorship, though less bustling than those of the ecclesiastical statesman, are as full of absorbing business. Macauley's head must have been very full of work when he had a dream of a horror peculiar to its calling. "I have had a dream" (about his younger niece) he writes to Mr. Ellis, "so vivid that I must tell it. She came to me with a penitential face, and told me that she had a great sin to confess; that Pepys' 'Diary' was all a forgery, and that she had forged it. I was in the greatest dismay. 'What! I have been quoting in reviews, and in my history, a forgery of yours as a book of the highest authority. How shall I ever hold up my head again?' I woke with a fright, poor Alice's supplicating voice still in my ears."

On the other hand, the idle, according to all moralists, dream quite away from personal interests, and borrow even the material for them from more active intelligences. Thus Addison's Citizen, having no business of his own, takes the cue of his dreams from the talk of his club. "Dreamt of the Grand Vizier" is one entry, after the coffee house news that that functionary had been strangled. And later in the week, Sir Timothy, having paid his annuity, and all going well, we read: "Went to bed, dreamt that I drank small beer with the Grand Vizier." Condensed into few words we find the same character in the "Sluggard," familiar to our childhood.

He told me his dreams, talked of eating and drinking,
But ne'er reads his Bible, and never loves thinking.

A crop of warning dreams is apt to arise on the occurrence of a catastrophe, provoking the suspicion that they arrange themselves, out of somebody's vague remembrance, into distinctness after the event. We read in the Memoir of the Rev. W. Bull, a noted Nonconformist, who "had a great aptitude for improving passing events," that he improved in this spirit the burning down of the Haymarket Theater, in which fifteen or sixteen persons lost their lives. Amongst these was a young woman who had gone to the play against her will to oblige some country cousins, telling her maid before she went that she should never return alive, for she dreamed the night before that she should die. And her mother had the same dreams, which proved true of both. Some dreams of ill-omen, however, come to us on authority of a very different character. In fact, men of the world are as much attracted by the mysterious as any others, provided, perhaps, that the subject is gilded by high positions and has persons of rank or believers and sympathizers. Thus Mr. Raikes apparently gives implicit credit to the following: "The Duc de Berri dreamed one night that he was standing at the window of his apartment in the Tuileries which overlooked the gardens, accompanied by two individuals, when his attention was suddenly attracted to the iron railing by what seemed to be passing in the Rue de Rivoli. A dense mass of people was assembled in the street and presently there appeared a great funeral procession followed by a train of carriages. He turned round to one of the bystanders and inquired whose funeral was passing; the answer was made that it was that of M. Greffulhe. In a short time after this procession had filed off down the street, another and more splendid cavalcade made its appearance, as coming from the chateau; this far surpassed in magnificence its predecessor; it had every attribute of royalty; the carriages, the guards, the servants were such as could only be marshaled in honor of his own family. On putting the same question he was told that it was his own funeral. In a few nights after this vision the Duc de Berri went to a grand ball given by M. Greffulhe at his hotel in the Rue d'Artois; it was a very cold night, and M. Greffulhe, who was not in a very good state of health, attended his Royal Highness to the carriage bareheaded, and was struck by a sudden chill, which brought on a violent fever and terminated his life in a few days. Before a week had elapsed the knife of the assassin Douvel had consummated the remaining incident in the dream."

There are dreams of bright as well as dark omen, which come on as good and more recent authority. To return to the desert island. We must class among dreams the vision with which Mrs. Wordsworth was there favored, as reported by her son: "A curious thing happened to my mother on the 1st of November. She was sitting by the fire, when she said she saw a woman's face and head appear. It was a beautiful face—pale complexion and dark eyes—with a kerchief tied ever the head and under the chin. It smiled kindly at her and slowly faded away. I told some of them about it, and it was soon all over the island. But the curious thing is, that Captain Giffard's (captain of the ship that rescued them) young wife, a most gentle and kind lady, when she leaned over the ship's side, saying, 'Good-by' to my mother as she was leaving the whaler, had the face of the vision on the island, even to the kerchief tied under the chin."

Gen. Hood's orphans seem to readily find homes. A wealthy Georgian wants one, a New York lady and one in Baltimore have written the Mayor of New Orleans, asking permission to each adopt one.

Are book-worms good for bait?

The Afghans.

The character of the Afghans for treachery and cruelty receives a new and terrible illustration in the late massacre of the British embassy and its retainers, to the number of more than a hundred, at Cabul. It serves to recall a more bloody vengeance which they visited upon their British foes in 1842. In this same city of Cabul, the English army of invasion and occupation was compelled to make a humiliating capitulation, the terms of which were utterly and flagrantly disregarded afterwards by the Afghans. During the intense cold of January, the British army began its retreat in the presence of a pitiless enemy. Its overthrow was one of the most disastrous and complete in all history. The first day's march was only five miles through snow a foot deep. Before they could rest their weary limbs on the frozen earth, the soldiers had to clear away the snow. They were scantily furnished with provisions, and before the morning dawned, several hundred men and women died from cold and hunger. The horrors of the retreat became more and more dreadful from day to day. The Afghans showed themselves to be as destitute of mercy as of honor, and they were more cruel than the cold, pursuing the retreating army, and slaughtering them at every step. Out of twenty-six thousand soldiers, camp-followers, women and children who, according to Ferrier, set out upon the disastrous retreat, only one, if we except some two hundred who were early taken and held as captives, escaped to tell the story of suffering and death! The late news from Cabul shows that the Afghans are the same monsters in perfidy and cruelty that they were forty years ago. Ferrier, whose history of this people is written with discrimination and candor, thus describes their character: "They enter into engagements and bind themselves by the most solemn oaths to respect them, and in order to give them a sacred character, transcribe them on a Koran to which they affix their seal, but nevertheless perjure themselves with an impudence perfectly indescribable. Murder is a game, and they evince a feeling of vanity when they commit one, and glory in the perfidy and cruelty which they can show in their acts of devastation." Intellectually the Afghans stand higher than they do morally. Though they are ignorant, yet they are credited by those who are well acquainted with them, with much native vigor of mind, and they are daring and perfectly fearless as soldiers. Conquered they may be, as they lately have been, by the British forces, yet by their treachery they have already won back much of what they lost in open conflict. England must fight the war over again to a victorious issue, and then, if she would not speedily lose again the fruits of her valor and of her sacrifice, she must make her army of occupation as large as her army of conquest. This will be expensive business. It may well be doubted whether the prize to be gained is worth the cost of gaining and keeping it. If it were not for England's apparently insane fear of Russia, she would probably never have undertaken the conquest of Afghanistan, from the work of completing which she cannot now retire without humiliation. She believes that Russia has designs upon India, and that, to further these designs, she would be glad to get possession of Afghanistan. England must therefore hold it to keep out her rival. The conflict which has been opened anew so unexpectedly, and with such exhibitions of perfidy and bloodthirstiness, will be watched with painful interest. It may appear in the end that this conflict, as well as preceding ones, were all leading on to the ultimate regeneration of all the barbarous tribes, not of Afghanistan only, but of all Central Asia.—*Chicago Interior.*

A Notable Visit.

As a special privilege we were allowed to visit the three princesses, wives of the Khedive. We had been admonished to wear our best clothes, and if possible to avoid black, as the Egyptians are very superstitious about visits from people wearing that hue. Fortunately, we could overcome that objection. We were also told to wear all our jewelry, which was not a very laborious thing to do. So we went, and a row of black eunuchs stood before the door of the palace. Two of them helped us to alight. Having crossed the threshold we found ourselves in a little world of women, where one man has only the right to come. Here cigarettes were brought us, which etiquette required us to accept. A whiff or two quite satisfied our entertainers. We were presently introduced into the presence of the three wives, of whom the third one, also much the youngest and prettiest, spoke French tolerably. After shaking hands with each in turn we were invited to take seats, and chibouks were brought us, whose length reached from our mouths to the carpet. I was obliged to take one puff of the tobacco, which caused me to cough with some violence. Then we had coffee brought in porcelain cups, the stand for each cup being richly set with diamonds. Then, with profound courtesy, we took our leave. In the great hall below several attendants brought us beautiful bowls of porcelain set with diamonds filled with sour-sweet drink, which we were afterward told was sherbet. These women also carried napkins with golden fringes. Then our carriage was brought to the door. The eunuchs helped us to get into it, our "dais" or footman ran on before and we drove away.

No Free Lunch There.—Queen Victoria is said to be very unpopular in Brighton, on the ground that when there in the beginning of her reign she put a stop to a pleasing custom established by her royal uncles and predecessors. Under George IV. and William IV., messengers, porters and others going to the pavilion were always sure of a free smack and a drop of beer in the royal "pantry." Victoria, like a thrifty housewife, made an end of this and got furiously hissed for it in the streets.

The American bob-tail car is the latest sensation on the London tramways.

The Wanderings of a Wild Woman.

The following is from the Little Rock *Gazette:* Mr. J. Handlie, who has just arrived in the city from Crittenden county, relates rather a sad story in regard to a woman who is now roaming around in the woods of the Mississippi river bottom. Shortly after the yellow fever appeared in Memphis, the woman, whose name is Mrs. Annie Harper, left the city, crossing in a skiff to the Arkansas shore. She lost her husband and two children last year, and when the fever appeared again she became wild in her manner, and declared that she would die unless she left the city. But leaving an infected city is not a perfect assurance against trouble, if it does sometimes prove a safeguard against disease. Mrs. Harper wandered around in the dense forest almost crazed. The bottoms are very sparsely settled, houses in many instances being several miles apart. When the woman applied at the first house a man came out with a gun and demanded her immediate change of scene. In vain the woman pleaded. The man explained that it was better for one person to die than to be the cause of the death of a dozen. Plodding to another house, the woman was just entering the gate when a man came out and said that coming in would be more disastrous than a case of yellow fever. The poor woman wailed aloud, declaring that she certainly bore the mark similar to that worn by Cain. At the next house a man gave her something to eat, but advised her to move on. Thus she has been wandering around, getting a morsel to eat here, and being spurned there. She turned toward Memphis, but lost her way in the woods, almost tropically dense. When she went to the next house, where a Mr. Woodson lives, she declared that she had the fever and wanted to spread it. This, of course, excited the inmates of the house, and the woman's hasty departure was demanded.

Mr. Handlie saw the woman near Blackfish. The woman had been wandering aimlessly and had at last reached the railroad. Having heard of the woman, Mr. Handlie asked her several questions.

"I'm wild," the woman said. "Yellow fever is chasing me. Like a bloodhound it follows my footsteps."

Then, in a quiet manner, the woman related her sad experience, and then, in a moment she became wild again, and with a wild shriek, she dashed off into the woods. Mr. Handlie followed her, but she paid no attention to him, wildly exclaiming that she was dying with the fever. Mr. Handlie says that from what he can learn, Mrs. Harper belongs to a good family, and that her husband was quite a prominent plumber and gas-fitter of Memphis. Something should be done for the woman, as to continue in this way will only prove to be her death or total destruction of her mind.

Indians in Full Dress.

A White Earth Agency letter to the St. Paul *Pioneer Press* says:

The Indians at White Earth have as a rule, thrown aside their blankets and adopted the garb of civilized life, a necessary step in their moral and material progress, though, in looking at the wonderfully picturesque costumes of the Indians from the distant reservation of Red Lake, one could not help feeling sorry that these dresses of strange barbaric splendor must soon be things of the past. Some of the younger bucks must have been engaged from early dawn in completing the elaborate toilet in which they appeared. One young chief Hurricane, of Red Lake, was positively killing in a splendid otter skin war bonnet, ornamented with six eagles' feathers, symbols of a brave, at their tips tiny ribbon pennants to which were attached small ermine tips, symbols of a scalp. He had several of them on his bonnet, and a whole bunch hung on his pipestem; a bright streamer of cerise ribbon, known, I think, by young ladies as a "kiss-me-quick," completed his headdress. He was highly rouged, and over each eye had painted a square of delicate white and red stripes. A checked red shirt, black blanket, and richly beaded gaiters and moccasins completed his very effective costume. This fine, handsome fellow has a remarkable history. He is said to have taken no less than fifty Sioux scalps. At the time of the massacre of 1862, he followed the Sioux, who had killed most of the whites in his neighborhood, 500 miles up the country as far as Manitoba, killed and scalped him and his whole family, from the double motive of gratifying the whites, with whom the Chippewas have always been friendly, and taking vengeance on his hereditary foe, the Sioux. Rouging and painting the face seems to be reduced to a fine art among the Chippewas. But the effect is, as a rule, hideous and grotesque. Here is a gentleman with one eye painted a brilliant blue; another with one dark blue square on each cheek, with white spots on the dark blue ground. I thought at first he had commenced with the intention of ornamenting himself with the stars and stripes, and had been compelled to leave out the stripes for want of room. One had his face painted bright brick-dust color, over one cheek a stripe of red, over the other one of dark blue with white spots. Another had painted bright red spots all over the face, giving the effect of some skin disease. A third had produced an extraordinary effect by a green coloring under his eyes. One old gentleman had painted in a complete blue beard. On the whole the Red Lake Indians were a decided attraction, and afforded great amusement both by their costumes and their national colors.

"It is the business of a newspaper to let people's business alone, unless the public weal is involved. There is too much mud-throwing between newspapers these days. Personal journalism is the curse of the editorial profession. An editor has no business cumbering his columns and cheating his readers with his private quarrels with other editors. Private character is entitled to respect. An honorable man will respect it, nor will he always be on the alert to drag before the public the shortcomings of his neighbors or even of his enemies."—*Central Baptist.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

It iz a good deal ov a bore to hav others luv us more than we luv them.

That place iz home, and allwus be home, whare we et our fust mollassis kandy, and swung upon a gate.

We all think our opinyuns infallible, and a phool thinks hiz the most so.

Lovers, like puppys, frolik and fite, and then frolik sum more.

Thare haz been menny a hero born, lived, and died unknown just for the want ov an opportunity.

It iz hard to judge a man's real karakter when he iz ded in luv; all that I hav seen ackt just alike—kussid phools.

I hav seen pholks who had more intelekt than judgement, and then agin, I hav seen them who had more judgement than intelekt.

I don't suppoze thare iz enny man who knows the exackt amount ov hiz cowardice or ov hiz bravery.

Thare aint nothing that will sho the virtews and vices ov a man, in so vivid a light, as profuse prosperity.

Mi dear boy, allwus keep sumthing in reserve. The man who kan jump 6 inches further than he ever haz jumpt, iz a hard customer to beat.

I never spend enny time argueing agin a suckcess, it kant be beat enny how.

A beau, like a coquet, seldum falls in luv, but when they do, they go in like a kitten into a wash tub ov sour milk.

Mi dear old phello, the best thing yu and I kan do, iz to go into our holes and stay thare, or at best set in the mouth ov them, and speak to the passers by, when we are spoken to.

Thare aint nothing on arth that will take the starch so klean out ov us, az to git kaught bi the fellow we are trieing to ketch.

One ov the best things to do, and at the same time the hardest, iz to hold up the glass in front ov our friend, and let him see his faults, az others see them.

He who hides hiz vices iz twice a sinner.

It iz possible to restore a lost reputashun, but it iz impossible to make a reputashun out ov materials that hav allwus been rotten.

Versatility iz what pleazes the world. The man who kan pla decently well on 2 phiddles at once, kan eklipse the best one-horse phiddler living.

I pity, rather than admire, a gay and festive old man—it sounds like phiddling at a phuneral.

I kno ov people who kan tell you all about the coat ov arms ov their family, who haven't got a decent coat of enny kind to their baks.

Thare are plenty ov individuals who kant make a boy's windmill, that will grind, to save their lives, who wouldn't hesitate a minitt to tell you how to improve a steam engine.

The simplest things we hav are the most usefull, and hav been the most diffikult to diskover. It waz 5 thousand years before we found the little frickshun match.

Most wimmin would like to have their husbands lions—but well broke to the halter.

Young man, don't read too mutch as a helthy alternative; find a last year's bird's nest, take it all apart, and see if you can put it together agin. This will try your genius.

To find a very interesting old woman yu have got to find some good-looking one.

People seldum akt more ridikulus than when they are in luv.

What It Cost President Lincoln to Be Severe.

Mr. Lincoln did not *always* give way to his natural feelings of pity and tenderness. In his high position as a ruler and executor, he *could* not. But the firmness in him that sent a fellow-being to death ever caused him a bitter struggle. Judge Bromwell, of Denver, who visited him in March, 1865, reports Mr. Lincoln's own words. Mr. Seward and several other gentlemen were also present, and the President gradually came to talk on decisions of life and death. All other matters submitted to him, he declared, were as nothing in comparison to these, and he added:

"I reckon there never was a man raised in the country on a farm, where they are always butchering cattle and hogs, and think nothing of it, that ever grew up with such an aversion to bloodshed as I have; and yet I've had more questions of life and death to settle in four years than all the men who ever sat in this chair put together. But I've managed to get along and do my duty, as I believe, and still save the most of them; and there's no man knows the distress of my mind. But there have been some of them I couldn't save—there are some cases where the law must be executed. There was that man ——, who was sentenced for piracy and slave-trading on the high seas. That was a case where there must be an example, and you don't know how they followed and pressed to get him pardoned, or his sentence commuted; but there was no use of talking.

"And then there was this case of Beal, on the lakes. That was a case where there must be an example. They tried me every way. They wouldn't give up; but I had to stand firm on that, and I even had to turn away his poor sister when she came and begged for his life, and let him be executed, and he was executed; and I can't get the distress out of my mind yet."

As the kindly man uttered these words, the tears ran down his cheeks, and the eyes of the men surrounding him moistened in sympathy. There was a profound silence, in which they rose to depart. Three weeks after, the President was killed.

The farmers of a Louisiana parish, finding that they cannot profitably raise and prepare sugar in a small way, have combined to build a large mill, and will take their cane to it for pressing, on the same principle that farmers in some parts of New York take milk to a common cheese and butter factory, receiving pay for their milk and additional profit for its products, according to prices realized in market.

The Rights of the Inventor.

The inventors seem to be busy. The patent office received $703,146.79 during the year ending with June, and expended only $543,652.47. The net profit of $156,495.32 is the largest the government has ever received in one year from that source. To the inventor does America owe much of her present prosperity. Broad expanse of tillable lands for the laborer, and the most versatile field for the use of labor-saving machinery give this country the very best possible foundation for wealth and prosperity. For this reason it is not judicious to attack our patent system without discrimination. Our patent laws may need revising; undoubtedly modifications can be made with advantage to all interests, but it would be very poor statesmanship indeed to strike down the whole system which recognizes the right of inventive genius to possess and use its own productions. The clamor raised against our patent law system has been without the exercise of discrimination between the good and the bad, the perfect and the imperfect. There is no more reason why a man should pirate the product of another man's brains than he should the product of another's manual labor. There are rights in each case which all men are bound to respect, and it is because these rights have been respected in the past that the people of the United States have risen to such preeminence in the arts and sciences, and especially in the invention and manufacture of labor-saving machinery. And yet, contrary to the narrow views of some, the more we invent and manufacture the greater is the field for remunerative labor. Labor saved is opportunity multiplied. New avocations spring up; new demands for labor arise and there is constantly an ever-increasing sphere for labor. What use had the world only half a century ago for railway conductors, engineers, firemen, track-layers, station agents, telegraph operators, and skilled workmen in hundreds of manufactures which were unknown then? Yet here are hundreds of thousands, we may safely say millions, of people obtaining a livelihood in pursuits that were unknown fifty years ago. They not only make their living in these new avocations but they live better, have more comforts and greater privileges than did their fathers and grandfathers. All of this wonderful development of new fields of labor is directly attributable to the inventor. He has wrought the wonderful change. His labor-saving devices instead of throwing men out of employment has increased their opportunities to labor and has placed within the reach of their families many comforts, luxuries and pleasures that their ancestors never enjoyed. Surely the laborer is worthy of his hire, and none more so than the inventor, who, in the great majority of cases, is himself a poor man and has to struggle with poverty and adverse surroundings for years before he can make his invention profitable. The history of inventions is full of such instances. It is therefore no more than simple justice as well as a wise national policy, to reward the inventor by protecting him in his rights as the exclusive owner for a few years of the product of his own study and toil. Under our republican institutions the government cannot well reward the inventor in any other way than to invest him with this right to use his invention for his own profit for a term of years and after that, and in consideration of this limited protection, the invention becomes the property of the public. For the government to buy the invention, or pension the inventor, as has been suggested, or any scheme of that nature, would not be in consonance with the spirit of American institutions. The patent system we now have is the best that any nation, or the wisdom of this progressive age, has yet afforded, and before our patent laws are abolished a better system should first be devised. The laws may need amending, but the system itself ought to be perpetuated. It is at the foundation of our present national prosperity, and there is not a legitimate interest, either of the capitalist or of the laborer but that is subserved by the American system of patent rights.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Why Self-Made Men are More Apt to Succeed.

Self-made men are more certain than others of success in life for the reason that, so to speak, they are more thoroughly made. That is to say, with them the formation of character is more solid because it is the result of severe discipline, of a determined will, of a settled purpose. It is not the mere accumulation of the teachings of others, to which, too often, only a lazy and drowsy attention has been given.

The self-made man starts at the bottom. He not only has to learn by himself how to ascend the steep and rugged stairs before him, but he has to rack his brain how to construct the stairs himself by which he shall ascend.

Hence he understands more accurately than another all the conditions of success. His attention becomes more fixed. His thoughts are habitually concentrated on whatever he undertakes. His judgment is matured by the necessity imposed upon him for its constant exercise. He is wary and watchful, and robust in all his being, as the exercise excels in the development of muscle.

Hence it is that the community feel greater confidence in self-made men. There is a common feeling that he who succeeded against great odds, who has made his mark where those who are possessed of many advantages over him have failed to make theirs, must possess in himself remarkable elements of success. And the community are right. The self-made men are on the whole the safest to be intrusted with great undertakings. The stuff of which they are made has been tested and has been found to be of the durable kind.

"Edwin dearest," said Angelina, looking up from an article in her morning paper, "Why *do* they always call a ship 'she?'"

"Why, my ownest," replied Edwin, "can't *you* guess? Why, because, you see, the *rigging* costs more than the hull."

Angelina's little pout was delicious.

Wit and Humor.

Mrs. Jones says her husband will never be struck by lightning, because he always gets insulate.

The man who was hit in the eye with a lump of anthracite, explained to his friends that he had merely got coaled in it.

Waiter—"Beg pardon, sir, but I think you've made a mistake. This is a halfpenny." Old Gent (grandly)—"Oh, dear, no; not at all! I never give less."

An Ohio man has received a postal card from Cleveland, reading: "I take the pleasure of telling you of the death of Mrs. ——, that took place last night at 5 o'clock."

Statistics prove that women's teeth decay at an earlier age than men's, which conclusively proves that spruce gum is more injurious than tobacco.—[American Punch.

During their vacation most of the school-boys have become rusty, but in one week more they will be as accurate as ever with the putty blower at short range.—[New York Star.

A negro appeared before a magistrate charged with some trivial offence. The latter said to the man: "You can go now." Sambo replied, "I wouldn't be here dis time, only de constable fetch me."

An Indian squaw looks upon a man who does any work about a house with contempt. And they are not the only women who hold that domestic work can best be done by keeping up a great squaw-king.

A prosy, tedious congressman said to Henry Clay: "You speak, sir, for the present generation, but I speak for posterity." "Yes," replied Clay, "and it seems you are resolved to speak until your audience arrives."

He was a disgusted boy. He had exercised great caution, and had finally succeeded in crawling, unobserved, under the canvas into the tent. And he found it was not a circus but a revival meeting in progress.

In street-car. Lady in shabby dress, to animated tailor's model, standing in front of her: "Will you please ring the bell, sir?" "Pawden, madam, I'm not the conductaw—ah." "Indeed? What are you?" He gives it up.

As a party of gentlemen and ladies were climbing to the top of a high church tower one hot day, a gentleman remarked, "This is rather a spiral flight of steps." To which a lady rejoined, "Yes, perspiral," and she wiped her brow as she spoke.

An old bachelor being ill, his sister presented him a cup of medicine. "What is it?" he asked. She answered, "It is elixir asthmatic; it is very aromatic, and will make you feel ecstatic." "Nancy," he replied, with a smile, "you are very sister-matic."

THE AGRICULTURAL INTEREST.—Landlord (to tenant who had given up farming at the end of his lease, to await better times)—"Well, Jackson, how do you like living on your capital?" Farmer—"Not too well, my lord; but I find it cheaper than letting you live on it!"—[Punch.

A wife wanted her husband to sympathize with her in a feminine quarrel; but he refused, saying, "I've lived long enough to know that one woman is as good as another, if not better." "And I," retorted the wife, "have lived long enough to know that one man is as bad as another, if not worse."

A smart boy took it into his head to change the name of his dog to Infallibility. The first time his mother heard him call the animal she exclaimed: "Why, Jack, what do you mean by giving the poor beast such a name as that?" "Eh," returned Master Jack; "isn't infallibility a dog-ma?"

A gentleman in a draper's shop had the misfortune to tread on a lady's skirt. She turned round, her face flushed with anger, but seeing the gentleman was a stranger she smiled complacently, saying: "I beg pardon, sir; I was going to be in a dreadful passion; I thought it was my husband."

In London lately, in the case of Paris vs. Jackson, an action for breach of promise of marriage, the defendant pleaded that "he was insane when the promise was made." This could not be considered a justifiable plea, for whenever a man proposes he is generally supposed to be "madly in love."

Charles the Simple once remarked to his fool, Jean, that he thought they had better change places. As Jean did not look well pleased at the proposal, Charles asked him if he were not content at the idea of being King. "Oh, content enough," was the reply; "but I should be exceedingly ashamed at having such a fool."

Professor—"You will repeat the lesson on the Battle of Bunker Hill." Student (after a long and painful silence)—"Please, sir, I can't." Professor (with a frown)—"Why not?" Student (timidly)—"Because I have been deceived." Professor (astonished—"In what way?" Student (humbly)—"I have always been told that History repeats itself, and so I didn't trouble to study the lesson."—[Rockland Courier.

The Rev. Mr. A—— was more prominent in his day for the brilliancy of his imagination than the force of his logic. At one time he was preaching on "The Ministry of Angels," and in the peroration he suddenly observed: "I hear a whisper!" The change of tone startled the deacon, who sat below, from a drowsy mood, and springing to his feet, he spoke: "I guess it is the boys in the gallery."

It is estimated that 3,000,000 American pigs will be manufactured this year into as many more millions of American hams for sale in England; but these hams are seldom sold by retailers for what they are. They are carefully selected and "dried" in England or Ireland, returning from the latter country in the form of the well-known Belfast hams, advanced in price from 46s. to 95s. per cwt. The American "long-rib" is transmuted into "Irish rolled" bacon. "Cumberland cut," another American product, is converted into "farm fed."

The Minister's Horse.

An intelligent foreigner, visiting New England a hundred years ago, would have noticed two prominent traits as characterizing the people. One was singleness of purpose; the other was the resoluteness with which everything interfering with the attainment of that purpose was put aside.

If a young man purposed to be a farmer, or a sailor, or a merchant, or a lawyer, or a physician, or a clergyman, he went forward to what he had made up his mind to be, in as straight a road as circumstances would permit.

He might not travel as the crow flies,—man is seldom allowed in this disciplinary life to take the shortest line,—but he *went*, jogging doggedly along, up hill and down hill, over streams and through marshes. Like the Roman soldier, he lived frugally, and carried as little *impedimenta* (the significant Latin name for baggage) as possible. He laid aside every weight, and did one thing.

An anecdote of an old-time minister illustrates how these two traits gave character to the religious life.

Rev. Noah Benedict was one of three pastors whose united service in the church at Woodbury, Conn., covered the long period of one hundred and fifty years. He was a good man, had a high rank as a preacher, and next to his pulpit and family, loved a first-rate horse.

But his pulpit was his first love, and everything which was likely to tempt him to withdraw his mind from *that* was put out of the way.

He had a young horse, sound, gentle, graceful and fast. Everybody in the parish admired the minister's horse. But one day, to the surprise of his friends, Mr. Benedict sold his favorite. One of his astonished neighbors asked the reason.

"He was growing unruly," replied the pastor.

"But I thought him a very orderly horse."

"No, he was growing quite unruly," answered the minister; "he once *got into the pulpit*, and I thought it was time to part with him."

The zealous clergyman would allow nothing to interfere with his purpose of life. If any of our readers would understand our Lord's injunction as to cutting off the hand and plucking out the eye, let them read Matt. 18:8–9, in the light of this anecdote.—*Youth's Companion.*

Humorous.

When Fontenelle was dying his doctor said, "Do you suffer?" "No," replied the philosopher, "I only feel some difficulty in existing."

Tommy—"Gimme a cake." Mamma,—"If what—if you please." Tommy—"Oh, let up on that 'Pinafore' business; Gimme a cake!"—[Toronto Grip.

"That beats the Dutch," as the Teutonic hotel-keeper said when one of his guests left him between two days, forgetting to pay his bill.—[Rome Sentinel.

A sable citizen made a bet that he could eat fifty watermelons in fifty hours. He stalled on the thirty-seventh. They inscribed on his coffin, "Æt 37."—[Ex.

"Well, Billy," said an old farmer, "when you take off that 'ere plug-hat and spit two or three times, there ain't much of you left, is there?"—[Exchange.

All the axes and bucksaws found in the ruins of Pompeii are of light make, as if constructed for women's use. Those old ancients knew their little business.—[Elmira Press.

"If you don't stop your coughing," said the Judge, "I'll fine you a hundred dollars." "I'll give your honor two hundred if you can stop it," was the lawyer's reply.—[Oneonta Press.

Because a girl refused him, an Ohio man attempted suicide. The silly fool never stopped to consider that no woman wants to marry a dead man.—[Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.

"What soup is this, waiter?" asked the diner. "Ox-tail," responded the napkined knight. "All right," said the hungry one, pushing away the dinner roll, "now let's have the bread stale."—[Boston Commercial Bulletin.

A Cleveland mother, noticing her little daughter wipe her mouth with her dress-sleeve, asked her what her handkerchief was for. Said the little one: "It's to shake at the ladies in the street. That's what papa does with his."

Whether 'tis better at the barber's to bear the annoyance of the short loose hairs in your neck than to be blown upon with a breath redolent of unknown but not the less potential odors—that is the question.—[Boston Transcript.

It was at Nantucket the other day. On the way up from the boat one of the party asked the driver, "Do they play 'Pinafore' here?" "Guess not," answered the benighted islander, with a puzzled look, "but they play billiards."—[Boston Transcript.

No matter how indulgent a man may be, no matter how sweet a disposition he may have, he will feel considerably put out, if not totally wild, when he discovers that his wife has been driving nails in the wall with his razor-strop.—[Uncle Sam.

Thomas K. Beecher says: "Have you ever amused yourself with the whirl of water sucking down through the 'waste' of a bath-tub?" We never have, Thomas. During these days we are satisfied to amuse ourselves with the whirl of lemonade sucking up through a straw.—[Rome Sentinel.

THAT DREADFUL AFFLICTION, Epilepsy, Convulsions, or Fits, soon becomes firmly fixed by habit, each attack increasing the liability to a return, and adding greatly to the difficulty of arresting the disorder. In the absence of proper treatment, a mere faintness, with slight muscular twitchings, occurring at long intervals, in time become violent convulsions of great frequency, and the patient gradually sinks into imbecility. If relief is obtainable at all after the disease is thus firmly seated, it must be from some treatment which is permanent in its effects, and which not only has a tendency to suppress the attacks, but which will remove the morbid tendency to relapse. Dr. Jayne's Alterative has happily been found to answer this purpose admirably; it gradually changes the morbid condition of the system, removes the cause of the disease, and when its use is continued for a sufficient length of time, produces a permanent cure. Let the afflicted try it.

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SAN JOSE, September 24, 1879.

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WOODLAND STANDARD.

DWIGHT L. HACKETT,.....EDITOR.

WOODLAND, CAL,.....NOV. 22, 1879

REMEDY FOR TOOTHACHE.—Dr. T. C. Osborn, in the *Medical Brief*, states that his cook came to him with a swollen cheek, asking for something to relieve the toothache with which she had been suffering all the night. He was on the point of sending her to a dentist, when it accurred to him that there was in the house a vial of compound tincture of benzoin. "After cleansing the decayed tooth," he says, "I saturated a pledget of cotton lint with the tincture, and packed it well into the cavity, hoping this would suffice for the time, and told her to come back in two or three hours if she was not relieved. I was turning away, when she said it might not be nccessary, perhaps, as the pain was already gone. Supposing her faith had a large share in the relief, I would not allow myself to think that the medicine had anything to do with the cure any more than so much hot water would have had. But when I arrived at my office, two other patients were awaiting me with the same affliction, and I determined, by way of experiment, to use the same remedy. To my agreeable surprise both patients declared themselves immediately relieved, and begged a vial of the tincture for future use. During the winter a number of similar cases applied, and were instantly relieved by the same treatment, all expressing much satisfaction with the remedy. In December I told my druggist of the discovery, and recommended him to sell it to any person applying for 'toothache drops.' This, he reports, he has done, and that every one seems delighted with the medicine."

TELEPHONIC.—A telephone is being constructed from Howland Flat, Sierra County, through Gibsonville, La Porte, Strawberry Valley and other towns, to Oroville. It is now completed to within six or seven miles from Oroville. Recently, a Chinaman presented himself at La Porte and desired to talk with his cousin, Ah Tie, at Gibsonville. The latter place was called, and Ah Tie found and brought into the office. He called to the Chinaman in La Porte. The latter recognized his voice, and knowing that Ah Tie was in Gibsonville, took a look at the walls of the room, then at the instrument, and throwing it down, exclaimed, "Too muchee devil!" and left the room as rapidly as possible, without sending a word to his cousin. Evidently he did not expect that kind of communication. —[Chico Record.

A Colorado paper says that Piah, one of the Ute chiefs, said to Gov. McCook some time ago:

Me great warrior. Warriors no plow. Me go to Washington and see John Grant. [The Indians all call Grant John.] John Grant great warrior. He no work. He no plow. Me see John Grant's squaw. She no work, either, too. Great warriors never work. Tell you what do. You say to John Grant he come here and go with me. We go out and fight Rapahoes and Cheyennes, and kill plenty braves, and get plenty squaws. Then squaws no work, and me and John Grant have bully good time. No work—no plow—no nothing.

There is a strong suspicion in Denver that the Mormons have had something to do with inciting the Indian outbreak. The suspicion is not without good grounds, for the Utes are well armed, and, apparently, have a good supply of ammunition. It is not improbable that they are also guided by a higher intelligence than their own, as some of their tactics show considerable judgemnt, and are contrary to all precedent in fighting.

The Hartford *Times* says: We shall hear the usual Radical talk that the Democratic party is dead and buried, but we predict that in a year from now it will be pretty lively.

Indian fighting costs the Government, the Baltimore *News* asserts, over $200-000 a month, which makes it rather expensive pleasure. Could not this business be arranged by contract somehow, in order to lessen the expense?

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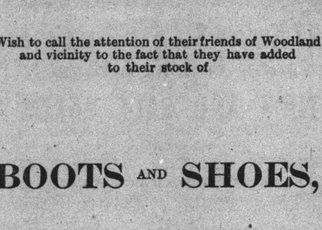

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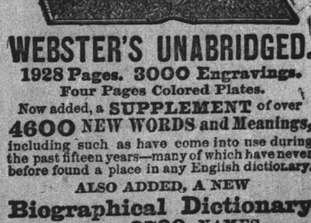

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